
THE DELANDS
OHS
PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS



Old-Time Threshermen

Charles McNutt of Clinton sends a picture of an old threshing machine taken 45 years ago southwest of Weldon. He is in the second row, fourth from right.

The DE LANOIS

PUBLISHED BY

The SENIOR CLASS

OF THE

DELAND TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME II

DELAND, ILLINOIS

MAY

1920

Printed by The Tribune, DeLand, Illinois

TO

Miss Caroline Boling

Our Friend and Teacher
We Lovingly Dedicate the Second
Volume of

The DeLanois

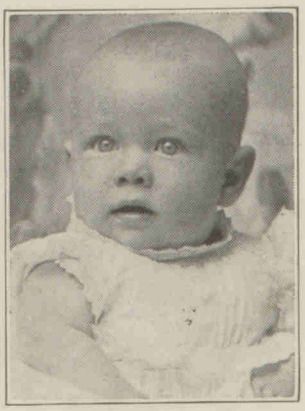
Foreword

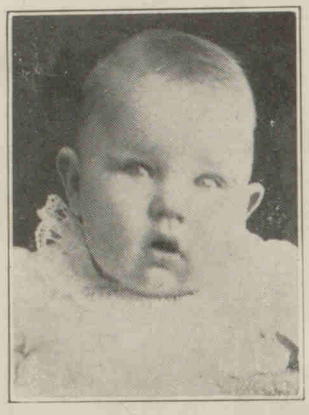
It was to be expected that the success attained and the praise merited by the publication of last year's DeLanois, should arouse the ambition of the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty to publish a book which should excel the first. Our worthy predecessors, fired with the enthusiasm of a task new to this school, set the example by the publication of a splendid Annual. We have endeavored to maintain that standard. How well we have succeeded, we leave to the judgment of the reader.

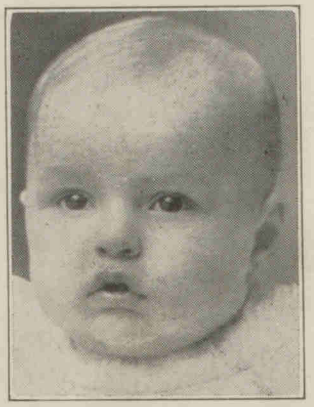
Joyfully was the work begun and in spite of delays and disappointments, we have come to the end with happy hearts and a feeling of satisfaction which others tell us is natural to youthful workers. We have done our best. Do not read with too critical an eye and do not forget that polished excellence of thot and phrase come only with age and practice.

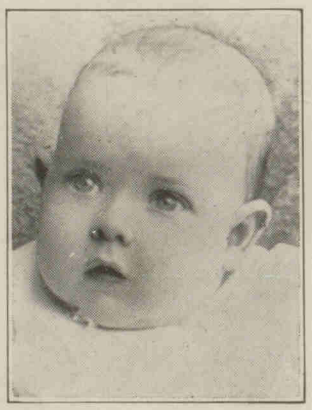
Hoping that each reader will be indulgent with our weaknesses and enthusiatic over the good things in our book, we turn it over to those whose judgment must be final.

THE DE LANOIS STAFF








"THE SENIORS"

The DELANOIS STAFF

Editor in Chief ---------- John Frye

Assistant Editor in Chief ---------- Donald Souders

Business Manager ---------- Elva Conner

Assistant Business Manager ---------- Holdo Riggins

Junior Class Editor ---------- Geneva Porter

Sophomore Class Editor ---------- Gladys Conner

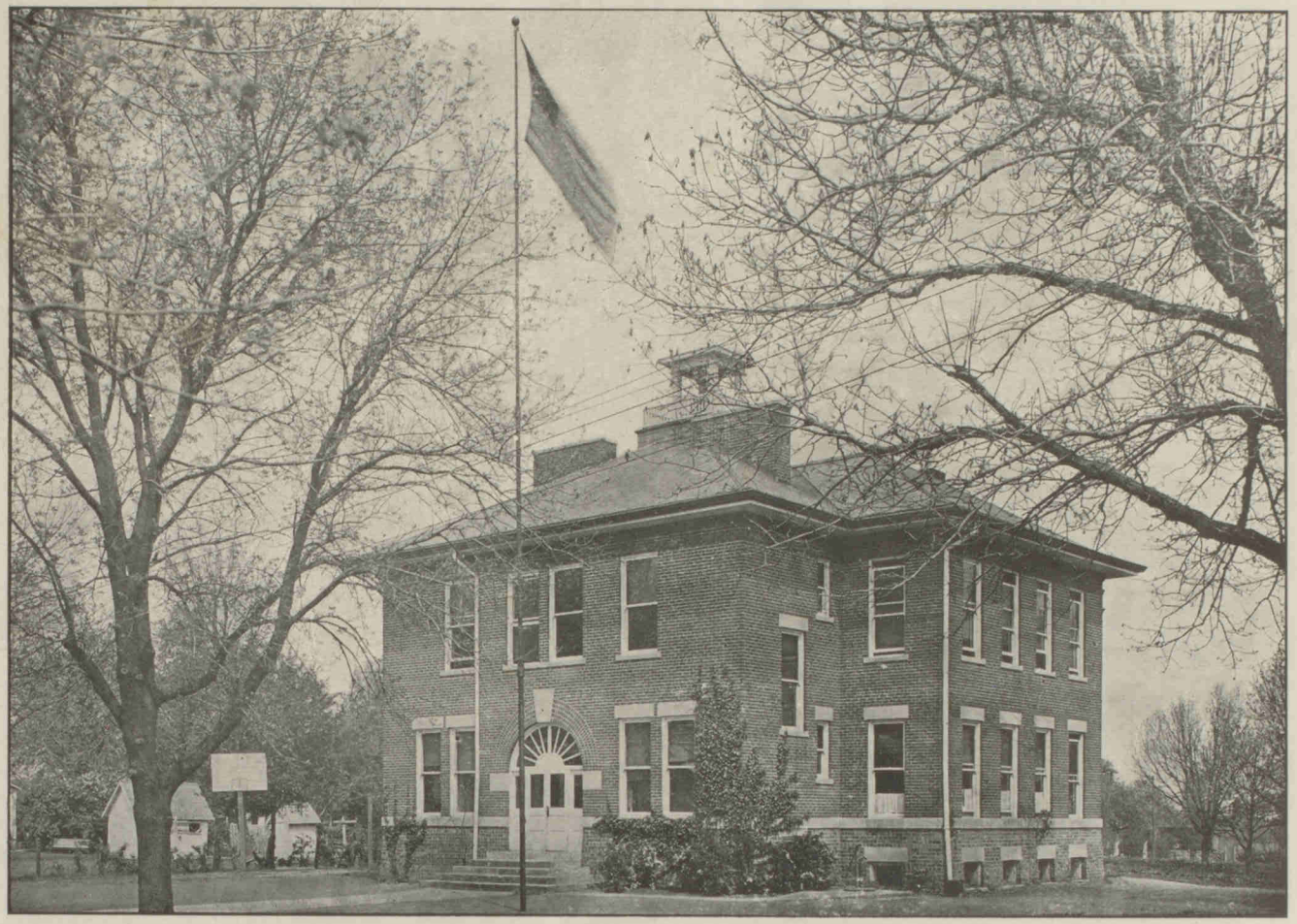
Freshman Class Editor ---------- Francis Sparrow

Society Editor ---------- Fay Adams

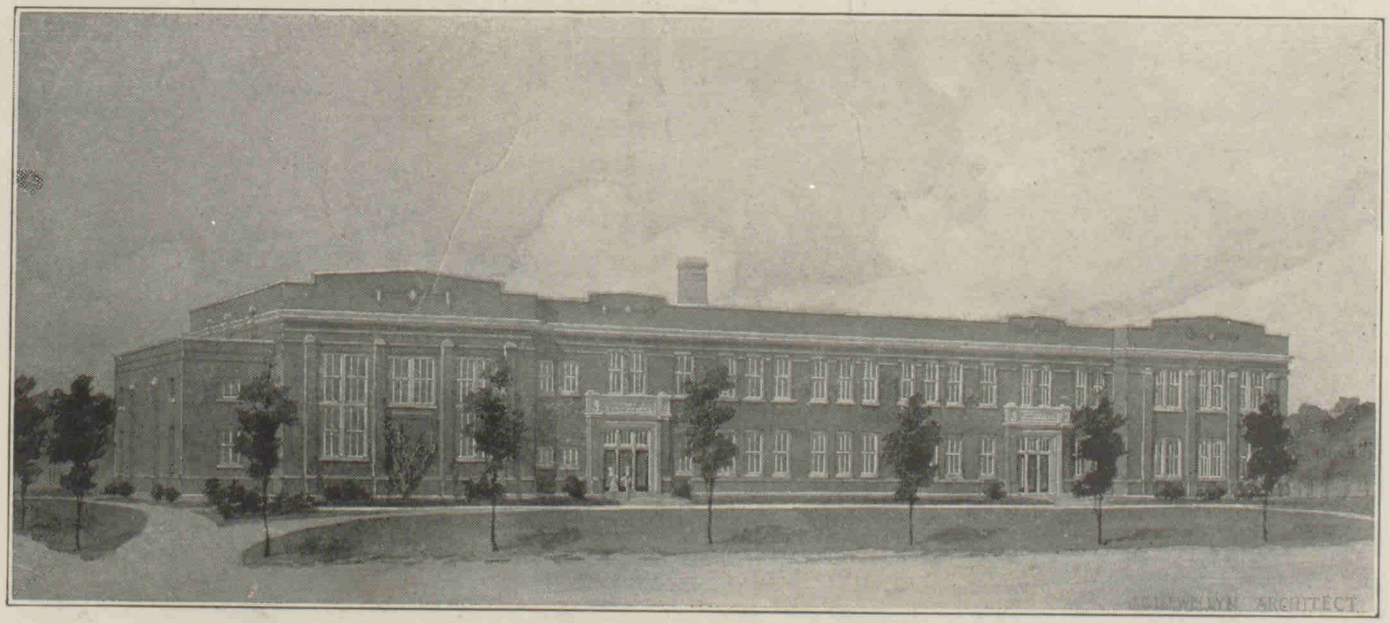
Jokes ---------- Richard Haggard

Athletics ---------- Ray Bartley

Dramatics ---------- Lora Briggs



THE OLD



THE NEW BUILDING AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

OUR NEW BUILDING

One of the things which the Class of 1920 will always regret is the fact that its members cannot have the pleasure of being students in the new building now being erected for D. T. H. S. For years the young people of this community have been looking forward to the time when this structure would pass from the realm of probability to that of fact. With the work progressing nicely there is no reason to doubt that the Class of 1921 will have the honor of being the first to graduate from the new school house and that the Class of 1925 will be the first to pass four years of study therein.

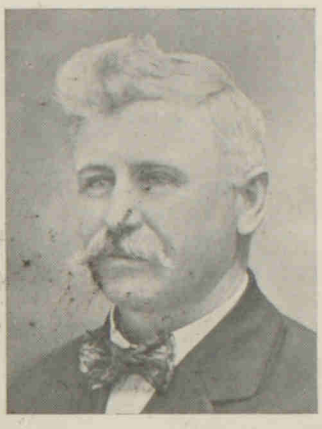
With ample space and splendid equipment, the new home offers greater opportunities for study and development. These are the heritage of the classes yet to come. We have enjoyed the years spent as students in high school and we earnestly wish for succeeding classes an even greater pleasure than has been ours.

Here's to High School! dear old High School!
Do we love it? Yes! Yes! Yes!
Here's to students, past and future,
Here's to you D. T. H. S.

BOARD OF EDUCATION



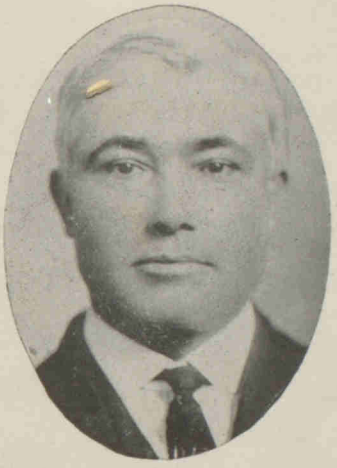
J. H. DRESBACK



M. F. McMILLEN



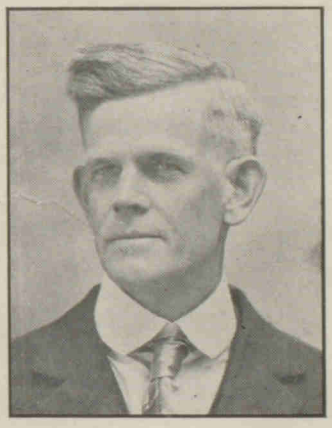
J. E. HIETT



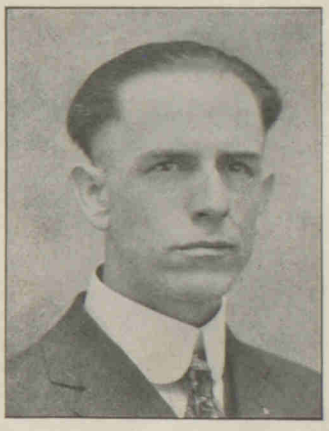
W. E. LEISCHNER
President



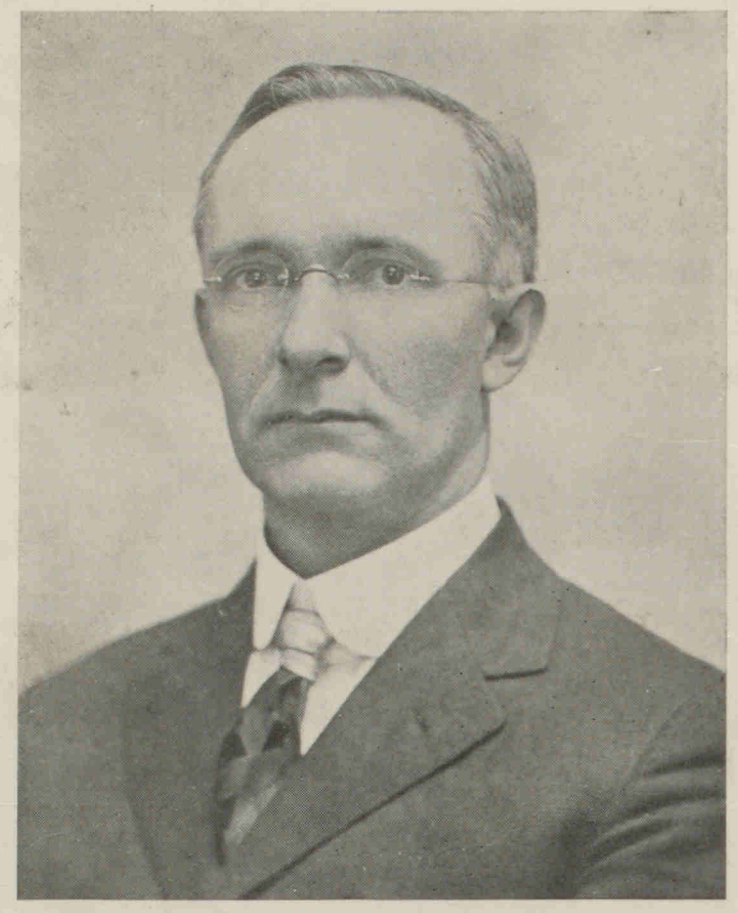
ALVA KINGSTON



C. L. GILMORE

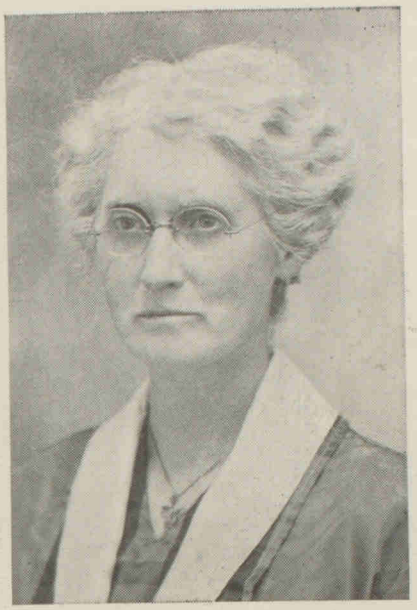


C. H. PORTER



PRIN. WILLIAM O. JONES

SCIENCE



M. CAROLINE BOLING, B. E.

Illinois State Normal University
I. S. N. U. Teachers' College

Household Science and Biology



STAFFORD LANE SIMER

Millikin University
University of Illinois

Mathematics and Athletics



MARY NELDA LAMB

Illinois State Normal University
University of Illinois

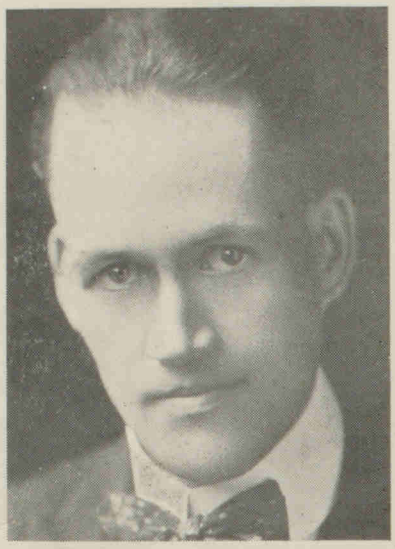
English and Latin



PAULINE CAROLYN STONE

Milliken University
Illinois Women's College

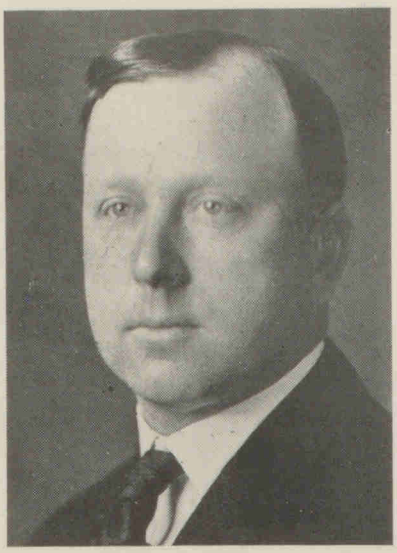
History and Music



T. WHEELER LAFFERTY

Lombard College
University of Illinois

Agriculture



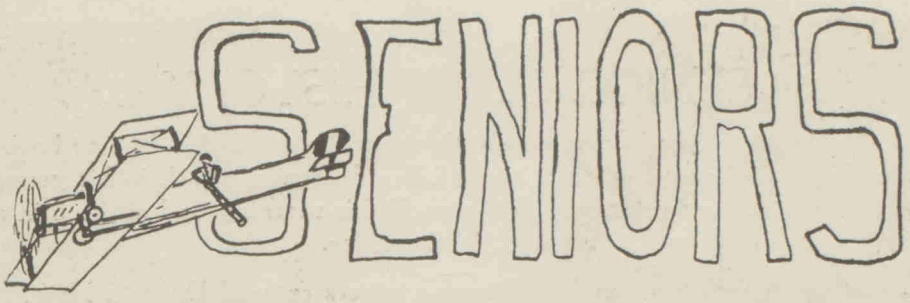
HARRY F. MERRY, B. Mus.

Lincoln College

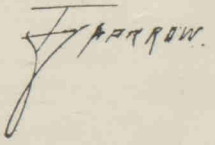
Orchestra and Band

A PARODY

Young Richard Haggard (may his tribe increase),
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Being a Senior had made young Haggard bold,
And to the presence in the room, he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet features,
Answered, "The names of those who love their teachers."
"And is mine one?" asked Richard. "Nay not so,"
Replied the angel. Dick spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray you, then,
Have mercy on me, fellowmen."


SENIORS




ARROW.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

There is a time in everyone's life when the days of old come back to him and he sees himself among his childhood friends, back in his younger days. In such circumstances I find myself this morning as I sit here in my study free from the worry and work of the office.

I see the days when I with twelve others entered DeLand High. I see that the freshies of the year 1916-17, can bear flings of the upper classmen. I see numerous things pass before my eyes that would make a printer turn every color of the rainbow and then more if he had to print them all.

The time passes on and I see the Class of '20 come to school in the fall of 1917, with the loss of two members, Charles Prine to the farm, and Cecil Mansfied to the service of Uncle Sam, but Lodge is kind and sends us Ray Bartley as another member. My! and what's this! An orchestra? I believe it is and if there aren't three of our classmates there in. The class of '20 sure is great.

The time moves fast and another term rolls around and I see Frye and Riggins come from Lodge to join our class. My! I can really hear the noise that bunch of Juniors are making. And what's this? Ballgames, amusements of all sorts, receptions, and everything.

And here is time moving again. I believe it waits for no man or woman either. I see the Class of '20 enter the DeLand Township High School for its last year, but with the loss of Marie McBride to Bloomington, Cleo Wisegarver to Champaign, Berlie Hart to Bement and Merle Berry to the list of quituates.

And this—it is the Jones Chautauqua under the management of the Senior Class for the benefit of the Annual. Here's the High School play, the Senior Sandwich Sale, the Oratorical Contest in which I see Elva and myself taking part. But ah—Time does not wait for me to take in everything. Here comes the 1920 DeLanios, Class Day, and Commencement.

And here the vision fades. Oh if I only could follow every member of that class throughout the life that stretches ahead, but it can't be done. We are separated, and the day for regathering will have to come later on.

DONALD K. SOUDERS, '20



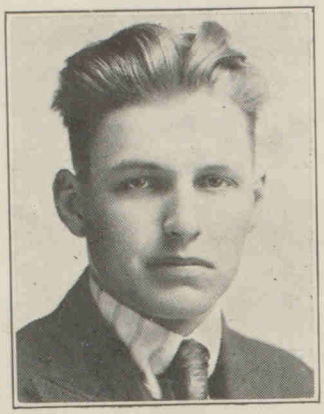
M. FAY ADAMS

There is nothing so kindly as kindness. Nothing so royal as Truth.

CLARA L. ANDERSON

Adapt thyself to the things with which thy lot has been cast.





RAY NEWTON BARTLEY

Be not simply good—be good for something.

LORA KATHRYN BRIGGS

If your name is to live at all, much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains.



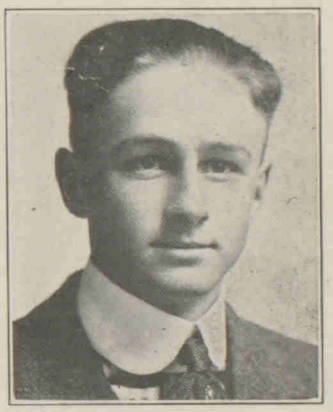


ELVA M. CONNER

I'll not confer with sorrow
Till tomorrow;
But joy shall have her way
This very day.

WALLACE JOHN FRYE

I should say the happiest man is he who can link the end of life with its commencement.



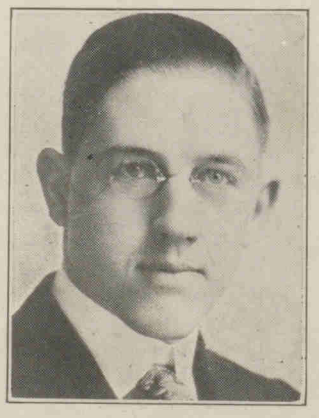


ERSIE DIEGEL DEWEES

All her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

HORACE GERALD DEWEES

It is only when good habits exist that principles can exert ennobling influence.



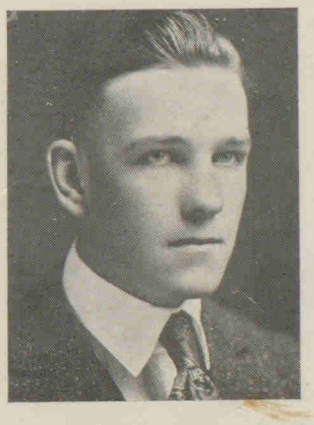


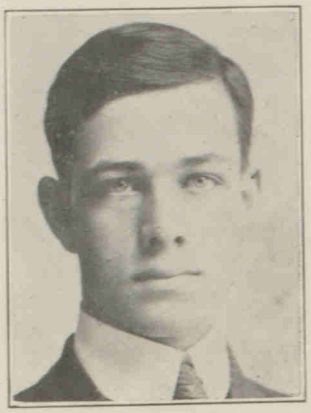
RICHARD CLIFTON HAGGARD

Fortune will call at the gate of him who smiles.

IRWIN HOLDO RIGGINS

Never depend upon your genius; if you have talent, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply the deficiency.





DONALD KEITH SOUDERS

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

CLASS PROPHECY

Twenty Years Hence.

The rush and roar of traffic, the cries of newsboys, the clang of the elevated, the chirp of the friendly sparrow on the window ledge—these were the things that came to my ear as I gazed dreamily across the room, for even a newspaper cynic of the Chicago Tribune may dream if she can forget herself and her work for a sufficiently long time.

"Too hot to work," I murmured to the stack of manuscripts on the desk before me; "let me see, this is May 28, 1940; how old I am getting! May 28, where have I heard that date before?" I stared hard at the calendar for some seconds and then———

"Why May 28, was Commencement Day when I graduated from High School. How strange! Twenty years ago! Wonder what the rest of them are all doing at this minute?"

I reached for the freshly printed newspaper and began to scan the movie advertisements.

"I think Elva plays tonight. Yes, here it is. 'Madame Ziegfeld at the Follies in Taming Wild Women.' Her popularity does not seem to have waned. She was at Hallywood, California playing for the Paramont, when she chose. But then Hallywood and Chicago are a long way apart and anyway—"

The door opened and the bell-boy announced a caller.

"Show her in," I said and frowned. Why did people always interrupt when I was in the midst of a happy dream? I turned in my chair and there stood the cause of my interruption—not a saleswoman, or a fellow-reporter, but Madame Ziegfeld (otherwise Elva), herself. When we had gone through the usual ceremony and had expressed our feelings satisfactorily, I told her of my discovery on the calendar.

"Why how interesting!" she exclaimed, "That was centuries ago! Have you heard from any of them lately?"

"Yes I received a letter from Clara last week. She likes vaudeville quite well. She's a ballet dancer on Broadway, you know. And I supposed you have heard about Don?"

"Don? No, I haven't heard a thing. What about him?"

I reached for a late paper and showed her the article about a band of Socialists that had been captured. "The leader of the party," it read, "is a tall Bolshevic-looking person with long hair and a sardonic laugh. He goes by the name of Souders, and is reported by the police to be a bad lot. He will probably be transported to Russia without further delay."

When Elva had recovered I asked her about Dick. "I heard he had entered the priesthood, but that was many years ago."

"Why haven't you read about him?" she exclaimed. "Dick is bishop of the largest Catholic diocese in California."

This news had a strange effect on me. Verily this is a queer world.

"What do you know about Holdo?" Elva asked presently.

"Oh, he's getting along fine." I picked up my morning Tribune. "Quite a sensation was stirred up in the House when the member from Missouri, Riggins by name, delivered a convincing address in favor of Woman's Eligibility to the Presidency. All agreed that although they could not see the depths of his meaning all the way through, his delivery was splendid."

"Isn't that just like Holdo?" I remarked. "What do you know of Ray?"

"Oh, Ray is quite a success as a lion-tamer."

"A lion-tamer!" I exclaimed. "What for?"

"Oh, he's in the employment of the Chaney-Sparrow circus. And oh yes, I received a letter from Faye just before I left Hallywood. She had a position as governess of the Japanese Ambassador in Washington."

"That's an ideal job for Faye," I replied. "Now I believe that is all except Gerald and John. Poor John."

"Yes it is a shame. Whoever thought it of him? He was about the strongest minded member of the class. Couldn't we go and see him this afternoon?"

I arranged my work so that at three o'clock we boarded the bus. After a few minutes ride we were at the edge of the real country and speeding toward the Home for the Feeble-minded. Mr. and Mrs. Dewees were in charge of the Institution, and as we approached our thoughts turned toward them.

"I haven't seen Gerald and Ersie for years," remarked Elva, "have they changed much?"

"Not in the least. Gerald has made Ersie's happiness his life work. He didn't care to take up this work as Superintendent of the Institution, but Ersie wished it and that decided the matter as usual."

"And this about John," inquired Elva. "How did it all happen? I never did hear the details."

"There isn't much to tell," I said. "He was making quite a success in his scientific research for microbes. You know he was always interested in them."

Elva nodded gravely.

"Well, he simply went crazy over microbes. No one can do anything for him. The physicians have given him up."

By this time we were at the entrance of the building, and upon inquiry we were informed that the Dewees' were absent for the day. But would we care to be showed around the building? We expressed our de-

sire to see John Frye, insane over microbes, and were immediately conducted to the third floor.

"Third cell to the right," said our guide and he left us, and we approached the cell of our former classmate. John occupied a padded cell, and was pacing the floor and muttering to himself. We spoke to him, but all we received from him was a vacant look and a muttered "How do you get that way." We watched in silence for a few minutes and then started to leave. He stared after us uncomprehendingly and cried out with a reckless maniac laugh, "You tell 'em."

That laugh! It still rings in my ears, awful in its madness, and its proof of a life wasted.

"Oh why can't we always stay young?" cried Elva, as we left the institution.

"Why indeed! But the years roll on. Time waits for no man."

LORA K. BRIGGS '20.

IN ENGLISH III.

Miss Lamb—"What was the circuit rider?"
Lois—"He was a man who rode around tracts of land for people."

IN ENGLISH IV

Miss Lamb—"What is affectation?"
Holdo—"Love for one another."

I wonder what Elva Conner was thinking about the other Sunday. She spent the entire time the minister was talking, reading the matrimonial service in the back of the Church Hymnal.

"I hear the Senior Class has a monkey in their midst."
"How's that?"
"Why they say Lora Briggs climbs trees when she's at home."

Just as we begin to think we can make both ends meet, somebody moves the ends—

CLASS WILL

We, The Class of 1920, of the DeLand Township High School, being in possession of sound minds and unimpaired memories, and inspired by vague whisperings of our future destiny, do make and publish this our last will and testament, thereby revoking and declaring null and void all former wills under our hand and seal heretofore made;

To the Public at large, we bequeath the honor of holding us in their memory as the last, but by no means the smallest class to graduate from the old high school building.

To our old and long-cherished H. S. building, we give and bequeath all the wealth of love and blessings that she may stand in need of.

To the present faculty, we bequeath our heartfelt sympathy in their sad loss of such an enjoyable and intellectual class.

To the Juniors, we cheerfully bequeath our art of bluffing, our surplus credits, our good looks, and the honor of being the first class to graduate from the new high school building.

To the Sophomores, we bequeath our ardent hopes and sincere wishes for their great future success with the least possible amount of mental or manual labor expended on their part (this includes the entire class).

Now after many tiresome hours of serious consideration and unnecessary contemplation, we bequeath to the Freshman Class our best wishes for a world-wide reputation by the time they graduate from D. T. H. S. We hereby also will to them our excellent standing with the faculty.

In addition to the foregoing we now have a few personal bequests to make:

Richard Haggard leaves to Karl Mansfield all his left-over political arguments with Miss Lamb together with his inexhaustible supply of wit and oratory to be used in connection with the before mentioned arguments.

Fay Adams bequests to Eva Barnes her dramatic ability.

Ray Bartley bequests to John Huisinga his popularity at program dances

Gerald Dewees leaves to Brent Cox his chemical ability and mathematical skill.

John Frye to Frank McMillen his application for a license to join the Dairyman's Union. (We hope Frank gets the license).

Elva Conner leaves to Esther Robinson her unusual quietness together with her unequaled bashfulness. Elva loaned the latter to Lora and it has not been returned. The legatee must assume the task of its recovery.

All the vast fund of information collected by the class in connection with their study of Civics having been placed in Clara Anderson's note book for safe keeping is hereby willed to next year's class. As to the quantity and value of this bequest, we direct the legatees to Miss Stone.

Clara also bequests to Geneva Porter her sunny disposition and her knowledge of English.

Holdo Riggins leaves his good behavior in the classroom to any underclassman who may be in dire need of such assistance.

Donald Souders bequests his old shoes and his bass horn to any of next year's Freshies who may be able to properly manipulate them.

Lora Briggs leaves to Bernice Trimby her ability to write love letters and cause no ill-feeling therefrom.

Besides the above named gifts we will and bequeath to all, not of necessity, but of our own free will, our blessing and our pledge of friendship henceforth.

All the rest and residue of our property, saying nothing of the amount to be thus disposed of (after paying our debts and funeral expenses) we leave o Prof. Staffard Lane Simer, our most intimate friend and instructor in Mathematics, for his own individual use and benefit exclusively.

We do hereby severally and jointly appoint Mr. Wheeler Lafferty as executor of this our last will and testament and caution him to use care and discretion in carrying out all its various items.

In witness wherof we have hereto set our hands and seal this twenty-eighth day of May in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty.

RIGGINS
DICK
JOHN
BARTLEY
BRIGGS
ADAMS
DEWEES
ELVA
SOUDERS
CLARA

Father—"Son, I hearn tell as how you was married. Is you?"
Son—"I ain't saying I ain't."
Father—"I ain't asking you is you ain't, I asked you ain't you is."

Judge—"Little girl, was your father under the influence of liquor when your mother hit him with a broom?"

Little Girl—"No sir, he was under the kitchen table."

A CAREFUL TABULATION

NAME	At First Sight	HOBBY	AMBITION	RUMOR	KNOWN BY
Lora Briggs____	Domesticated	Acting Wise	To be good just once	An old maid	Her Innocence
Clara Anderson_	A Teacher	Primping	To be somebody's wife	Bookkeeper	Her Dignity
Faye Adams____	Very Modest	Flirting	A new beau	Milkmaid	Her ability to talk
Elva Conner____	Bashful maid	Bluffing	To be an old maid	Mrs?	Her Powder puff
Dick Haggard__	A nice little boy	Kidding	To be a Charley Chaplin	Best looking Senior	His size
Holdo Riggins__	Dreamy	Bossing the job	To use one big Word Correctly	A married man	His affability
Ray Bartley____	Classy	Riding I. C. R. R.	To be a ladies' man	A life of ease	His brilliancy
John Frye _____	Frivolous	Himself	No one knows	"None"	His actions
Gerald Dewees__	Daddy long legs	The Navy	To be an orator	Ice Man	His sneeze
Don Souders____	All Feet	Tooting	To be six feet tall	Bolshevist	His line of talk

SALUTATORY

Ladies, Gentlemen, Members of the Faculty, and Fellow-Schoolmates:—The Class of 1920 hereby extends to you a most cordial welcome to the exercises of the present evening.

Tonight we have reached the goal for which we have been striving for the last four years. These have been very short years. We must enter upon the great task before us. Many of you term this the graduation, but it really is not that; it is the opposite. This is our commencement. Tomorrow we enter a new field, one that has never been tried before by any of us. We are now ready to leave this past and go forth into the world as citizens of the great republic, the United States of America.

We go forth to this great task as fellow-men, willing to face the dangers and trials that may come before us in the future. The task in front of us is one offered by our great mother, Nature. The gains that are to be made by those who are battling the cause are to be made by the use of brains and not brawn. To the man who possesses the knowledge that is required, will be given the spoils of battle.

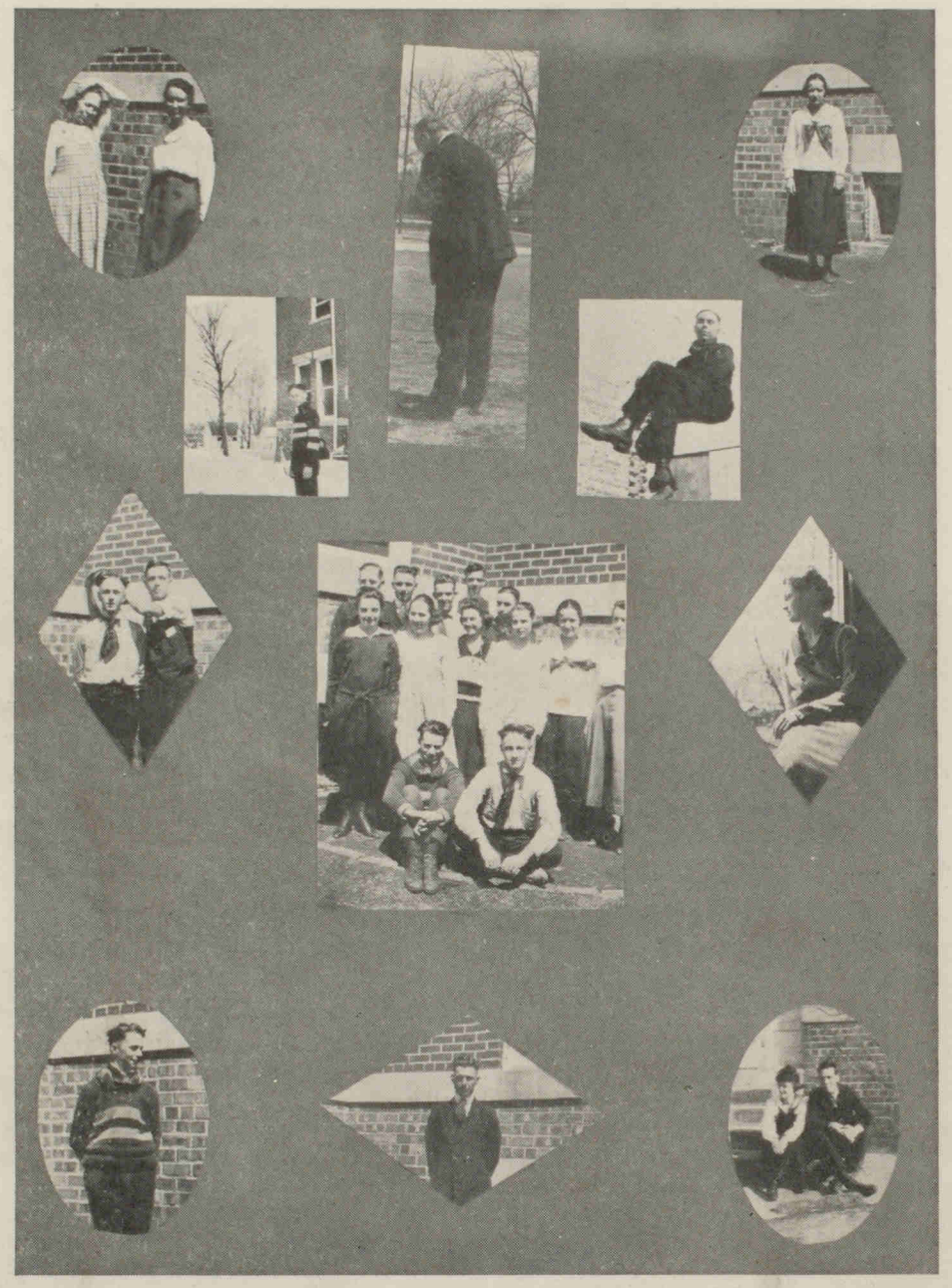
We are now ready to leave this school as graduates and will be classed as alumni, and placed together with those who have gone before us. Altho we have passed the limits that are offered by this school, it still gives us great pleasure to think that we may in the future review in memory the lessons that so far have been beneficial to us. We, as a class, have reached the dividing line where we must separate and each must go his way. If we ever become downhearted and most our friends forsake us, may there be no broken link in the chain that binds us together, that might bring complete separation to the class of 1920; for in truth we are but a great family that has reached the point where the members must go his own way and look after his own welfare.

Only a few hours are left in which we may be classed as school-mates in the DeLand Township High School. Before the closing scene we wish to extend to you, the patrons and friends of our school, a hearty welcome to the exercises of the evening. Our work as students in this school, is finished, yet we ask, my good friends, that tonight may be the brightest and the happiest of our four years.

Let us all join in that which follows with all the vim and spirit that can be had and enjoy the work to the best of our ability. For, be it remembered, that we, the class of 1920, must have the power to withstand the taunts of many so as to be able to enjoy the plaudits of our fellow-schoolmates.

To such a representation of the spirit of this year's class, the class of 1920 hereby bids you welcome.

DONALD K. SOUDERS, '20.



VALEDICTORY

Friends and Fellow Schoolmates:—Another four years has fled beyond our reach, four years that will be pleasant to recall. Although these four years have been crowded with happenings, the events of our last few school days will be the ones that will leave the deepest impressions upon us. Recalling these incidents will be a source of great pleasure in our later years. While we enjoy recalling these occurrences, we realize that our real purpose in school has been one of a loftier character.

We are passing from school life into Life's school. Each and every one of us has his own work assigned him. Our country is in a tumult. Labor problems of a grave nature are facing the leaders of to-day. The working men have been going on strikes which threaten the well-being of the United States. A nation-wide strike to-day would mean starvation to many in the cities within a few days Again, the Mexican situation is one that is puzzling the citizens of this country. We are facing a war with Mexico as a result of the insults she has heaped upon us. The foreign outlook is attracting a great deal of attention at present. There is general unrest in the countries across the sea and it is probable that we will become involved. Another of our great problems is that of the immigrant. Foreigners who have no idea of becoming citizens and who are spreading vicious propaganda are causing a great deal of trouble. There is only one remedy for these troubles—the schools. The schools of the United States must graduate such boys and girls as can see these troubles and find the remedy for them. We are the graduates of one of the many schools, but this does not mean that we have no work to do. We must do our share. We are going forward with our suggestions and have a hand in the righting of these troubles.

As we leave this school we are proud to say that we shall be the last but not the least to graduate from the old building. The beautiful new building is well under way, and the class of '21 will have the honor of being the first to graduate from it. The future classes will be able to enjoy a great many advantages which have been denied us, but they cannot appreciate this any more than does the class of '20. The possession of the new building should inspire them to greater things than we even hoped for.

For the faculty of the D. T. H. S., we hold the very highest regard. Their diligenece and patience, we gratefully acknowledge.

To the Board of Education, who have made possible this excellent course, we are very grateful.

For our parents and friends, who were primarily responsible for our attendance in high school, we hold an ever growing regard. Perhaps our

early education was forced upon us by our parents and only to-day do we begin to realize its great value.

Classmates, as we part, let us resolve that no task shall be too great nor no work too hard to be accomplished. Let us make ourselves such men and women that the D. T. H. S. will be proud to call us her own. With the spirit of loyalty and determination in our hearts, we now bid one another farewell.

WALLACE JOHN FRYE, '20

A POEM

By "L. K. B."

Tell me not, O bygone classes,
School life is an angel's dream;
For the student works who passes;
Lessons are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
Scholarship is not my goal;
"Study thou, now and forever,"
Was not spoken to my soul.

On the High School field of battle,
We have had our taste of life;
Often made the book shelves rattle
With our midnight cramming strife.

Tasks seem long, yet school days fleeting,
And we've all seemed brave and gay;
Though our hearts, like drums were beating,
On examination day.

Lists of graduates oft remind us
We can win diplomas too;
And departing leave behind us
Proof of all we've tried to do.

Records that perhaps the classes
Coming after us may find;
Gleaming thoughts which truth surpasses,
From the words we leave behind.

Let us then be up and speaking,
Let our futures lie in wait;
Welcome friends, some pleasure seeking,
Come and see us graduate!

—Apologies to H. W. Longfellow.

D. T. H. S. ALPHABET WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

A. Attention—a superfluous phenomenon unknown to the Sophomore Class.

B. Book Reports—a pet hobby of Miss Lamb and an affliction placed on all English Classes.

C. Co-education—something of which Frank McMillen disapproves.

D. Dignity—a Senior characteristic.

E. Energy—the stuff of which D. T. H. S. is made.

F. Flunk—a word derived from the Latin verb flunko, its principal parts being, "flunko, flunkere, faculti, fixus."

G. Good English—another piece of foolishness used only in classes.

H. Harmony—an ironical appellation of one of Miss Stone's classes.

I. Illinois Central R. R.—it has the goodness of heart to arouse our Lodge students at 4:00 a. m. every morning.

J. Junior—a conceited person who doesn't know enough to be a Senior.

K. Key—serves the same purpose to the Bookkeeping Class that a life-belt does to a drowning man.

L. Laboratory—a Physics classroom monopolized by the Ag Class.

M. Money—a thing of which the business manager dreams. or
Moustache—a queer growth afflicting the upper labials of Essel and Holdo.

N. Nothing—a weighty substance which occupies some people's minds.

O. Office—that bourne from which no Freshman returns without turning over a new leaf.

P. Peace—that which reigns supreme in the Solid Geometry Class.

Q. Question—(Ask Eva for a definition, we Seniors aren't guilty.)

R. Report Cards—little pieces of cardboard that Mr. Jones sends out each month to keep us from getting conceited.

S. Simer—our only titled member—The Prince of Sarcasm.

T. Theme—a thing which Freshmen fear, Sophomores despise, Juniors tolerate, and Seniors enjoy.

U. Unity—something that all English teachers understand.

V. Verdant—natural condition of all Freshies.

W. Work—a disease prevalent among Seniors, not contagious.

X. Xylophone—Esther thinks they're bells.

Y. Yellow—a streak found in all underclassmen.

Z. Zero—that which fills up space on report cards.





JUNIORS

L.J. COX

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

When the Freshman class of 1917 entered High School, they were nine in number and the brightness of the day was no brighter than the faces of the subjects. Our Freshman year was full of thrills and exciting incidents, which, were I to narrate them in detail would fill a volume, regardless of size. I find that several of our girls were well liked by the Senior boys. As I look over our record of the Freshman year I find that six members of our class held places in the Orchestra, and that four Freshies had prominent parts in the play, "Claim Allowed." I also find that our work has been above par for a Freshman class of the D. T. H. S.

The scenes are shifted and we enter upon Act II of our High School drama. Upon looking at our roster, I find that all of last year's class is back again, and one more worthy member has been permitted to join our class making a class of ten. Indeed this is surely a musical class; I see myself and the faces of nine of my classmates either playing in the orchestra or singing in the Glee Clubs. Who was it that Mr. Simer said was the best Geometry class he ever had? Who was it that put on I. Y. E. week? Who was it that the Faculty considered the best class in the High School? Who was it that the Seniors of that year were jealous of? Why it was the Sophomores of course. How could you expect anything less from such a class?

Once again the scene is changed, and on Sept. 3, 1919, we enter upon Act III of our Four Act drama. Upon looking at our class roll, I see that we have lost three members. Partly compensating this loss, one more member has been permitted to join our class, coming from our rival city, Lodge. She had reached the educational limits of that metropolitan center, and came to get her share of what D. T. H. S. had to offer. Three-fourths of our class are members of the orchestra; several of our members hold places in the Glee Club.

Altho we are the smallest class in the D. T. H. S., we are by no means the least in quality and attainments. We had the honor of being the first Freshman class of the DeLand Township High School, and we hope to have the honor of being the first class to graduate in the new building, now in the course of construction. We are planning a grand informal reception for the Seniors, though at the time of writing, the date had not been set. Each member of the class has been working hard to make our Junior Year one of the most successful of our entire High School career.

J. BRENT COX, '21



THE JUNIOR CLASS

"AN ADVENTURE IN FRIENDSHIP"

Junior Short Story

"Oh, dear!" sighed Jane, "I do wish something exciting would happen. I get so tired of never doing anything really and truly exciting. Here I am in the great big, lonely house with Aunt Miranda, trying to get something pounded into my head every day that I don't want there. Oh, dear! I'm so lonesome. I wish Dad was here. Boo! Hoo!" And Jane Gilbert, the bravest girl in all Waynesboro, let herself indulge in a perfectly good crying time. She was a very lonesome and forlorn child (even if she was sixteen) in a strange town living with an even strange aunt (at least Jane thought so.) Aunt Miranda made her waste just "oceans" of time reading Shakespeare and Milton. And it was wasted upon Jane because she realized no real good from these enlightening authors. Jane had been sent by her father to her Aunt's to attend school in that town.

"There! I guess that's enough for this time, Jane you silly thing! What if Dad could see you!" In this manner Jane scolded herself and it was wise that she did. Bang! Bang! sounded the old-fashioned knocker.

"Goodness! Who can that be? I know I must be a perfect sight." With this in mind, Jane rushed to the door to let in the girl (above all others) whom she disliked most—Margaret Hayes. She was 'so stiff', 'a regular bore', 'a grandmother,' and 'I don't know what,' at least this is what Jane often told her Aunt Miranda.

"Hello! Janey," Margaret hailed her friend (if she might be called so) "I came over to see if you wouldn't go with me to see Mrs. Phillips for mother. You know, she is that widow who lives all alone in that great big stone house on Washington Avenue. I never go there except when I have to, because she is the crossest looking thing you ever saw, or did you ever see her? Well, you must go with me, maybe we can have some fun. I suppose you think this is a poky town, don't you? But it isn't half bad after you have lived here for a while," and so on and on rattled Margaret.

"Guess I'll like her after all." thought Jane, "she talks about as much as I do and that's a good sign." Aloud she said, "Sure, I'll go. I'll be glad to go somewhere that Aunt Miranda will approve of. You know, I went over to that place where there are so many children and I got the dickens! Maybe you don't know what that is. Oh, I say, isn't that woman the one that Aunt Miranda never speaks to and doesn't like at all?"

"Gee! I never thought of that. She is the very one. Guess you can't go, can you?"

"You just bet I'm going! Aunt Miranda need never know about it. If she thinks I'm going to stay away from everywhere I want to go, she's mistaken. Wait just a minute until I get my wraps," Jane exclaimed, as she dashed upstairs.

Some time elapsed before she came downstairs again, so it was about four o'clock when Jane and Margaret got started upon their mission. For a while all was silent; both seemed engaged in their own thoughts but they really were "eyeing" each other from out the corners of their eyes.

At last Margaret spoke, "Don't you think it would be fun it we could get your Aunt Miranda and Mrs. Phillips to be friends? I don't know why they aren't now, but I suppose its over some silly little thing. What do you say?"

Why, that's just what I was thinking. Isn't that funny? How shall we do it? Have you an idea? Let's see, I'll tell you; let's tell her to come up to Aunt Miranda's; that she wants to see her. Do you suppose I ought to tell her or shall you?"

And so the two girls plotted for the renewal of the friendship between these obstinate women. Mrs. Phillips lived near the edge of town so the plan was complete by the time her home was reached. Margaret stepped boldly upon the porch and rang the doorbell . While waiting for the ring to be answered a whispered consultation was held.

"You'd better do it, Janey, she won't think it so strange."

"Oh, no, you know her better, Margy. Sh! here she comes."

"Good afternoon Margaret. Won't you come in?" Jane was very much surprised to see a handsome woman of perhaps fifty years. But Oh! the voice was so cold and harsh. As Jane said afterwards, it was enough to make cold chills run up and down one's back.

"How do you do Mrs. Phillips. This is my friend, Jane Gilbert, a niece of Miss Miranda's. I came for mother; she wants to know if you will help with the Thanksgiving supper that the Guild is going to give. She said you would know about it but she is to ask the ladies to help her with the cooking." Margaret was quite breathless by this time.

"I am always glad to meet your friends, my dear. Tell your mother that I shall certainly help her with the supper. You needn't be in any hurry," she added as Margaret started to go.

"Oh, no, there's just one thing more. Jane is too bashful to say it, so I shall. She came here to ask you to call at her Aunt's tonight, she wants you to come," Margaret cheerfully told a "whopper."

"Why-I-I-ah-rrr-r," poor lady! She was so dumfounded she could scarcely speak. "Why, I--I guess I can call this evening about seven-thirty. Thank you girls, for coming way out here."

"Goodbye," chorused the girls.

"Oh, goody, now we shall have a good time. You will just have to come over tonight before she comes. I do wonder what Aunt Miranda will do. Won't she be surprised? I hope she doesn't give it away that she didn't ask Mrs. Phillips to come over. I don't like that woman very well, do you? Ugh! She makes me shiver," remarked Jane.

"Sure I'll come. I do hope neither of them will be angry."

In the meantime Mrs. Phillips was wondering what had happened. "Why, we haven't spoken to each other for five years, since that foolish quarrel! I wonder what the matter can be. She surely isn't sick. Well, well, this does beat all."

After supper that evening, Jane went into the living room to play the piano, never saying a word to her Aunt concerning the expected guest. Soon Margaret came over (by this time two fast friends.) Aunt Miranda came into the room and began to crochet. All was ready for the entrance of the main "actress." As time wore on, the girls began to grow nervous. Footsteps were heard upon the porch. At last, thought Jane; but no it was the milkman. Another age passed. She was beginning to think that Mrs. Phillips wasn't coming; a whispered conversation was being carried on when Aunt Miranda spoke.

"Jane, answer that doorbell! Where are your ears, child? It has rung three times."

With what doubts in her heart we may never know, Jane answered the ring. Mrs. Phillips came in . Just go on into the living room, Aunt is waiting there."

"Good evening, Mrs. Phillips," Miss Miranda spoke coldly and looked inquiringly the while at this strange guest.

"Let's go away," whispered Margaret to Jane, and out of the room they fled.

"Good evening! Why-er-your niece and her friend asked me to come over tonight, they said you wished to see me," just as coldly returns the erstwhile friend.

"What did you say?" demanded Miss Miranda.

The sentence was repeated with further explanation.

"Well, well, that child. The idea."

"Do you mean to say that you didn't tell her to ask me?"

"I most assuredly do."

"I shall go then. What terrible children!"

The queries came thick and fast.

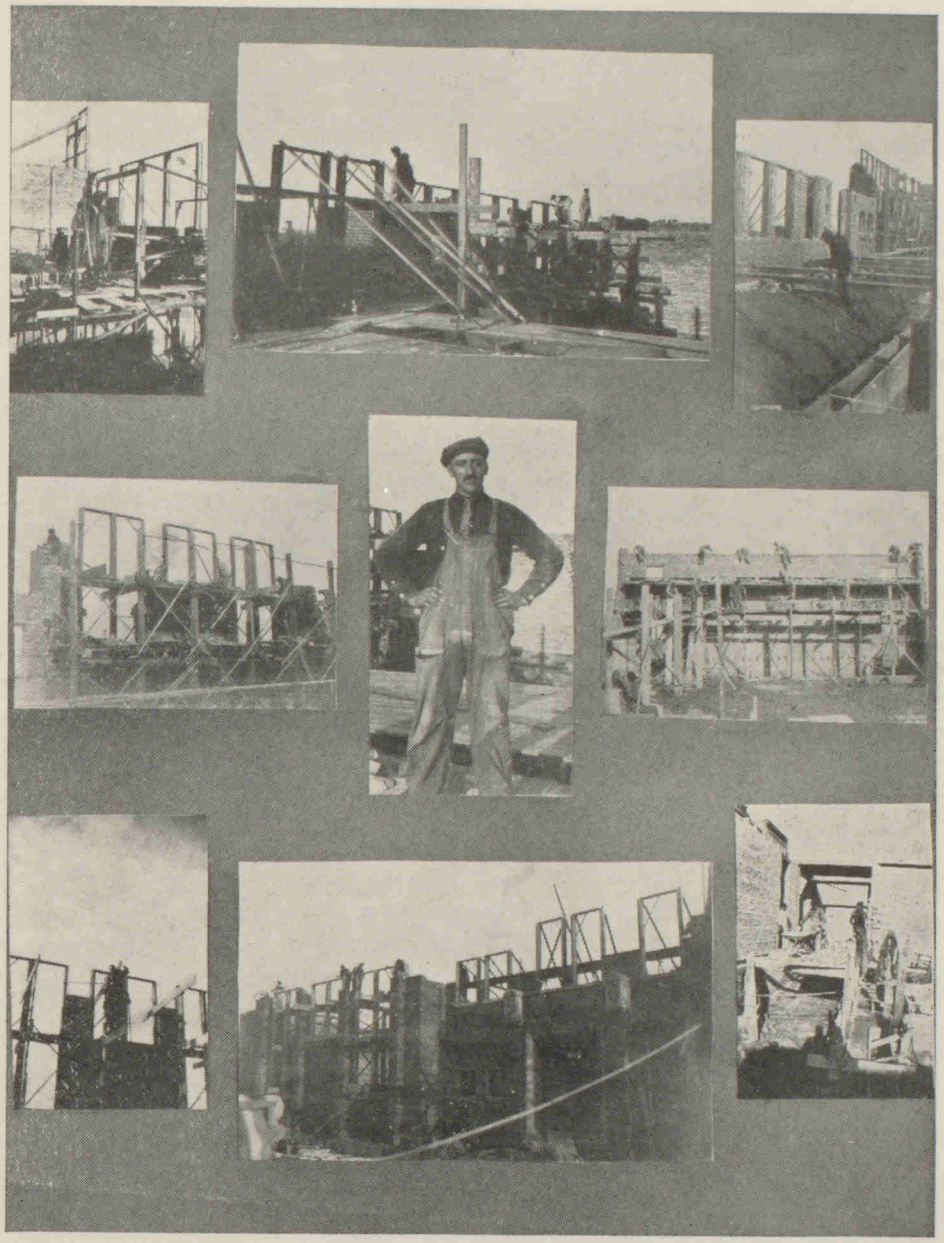
"Oh, no, you mustn't. I want to tell you something, Myra. I have been sorry every day for that wretched quarrel," broke out Miss Miranda.

"And so have I. Oh, I'm so glad I came. Let's be friends Miranda, we are too old to act like this any longer," and tears streamed down the haughty face of Mrs. Phillips.

Margaret and Jane upon passing the door sometime later heard this "What sweet girls Jane and Margaret are!" "Yes aren't they though?

This only goes to prove that women do change their minds.

GENEVA PORTER, '21



SNAPS AT NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING TAKEN IN APRIL 1920

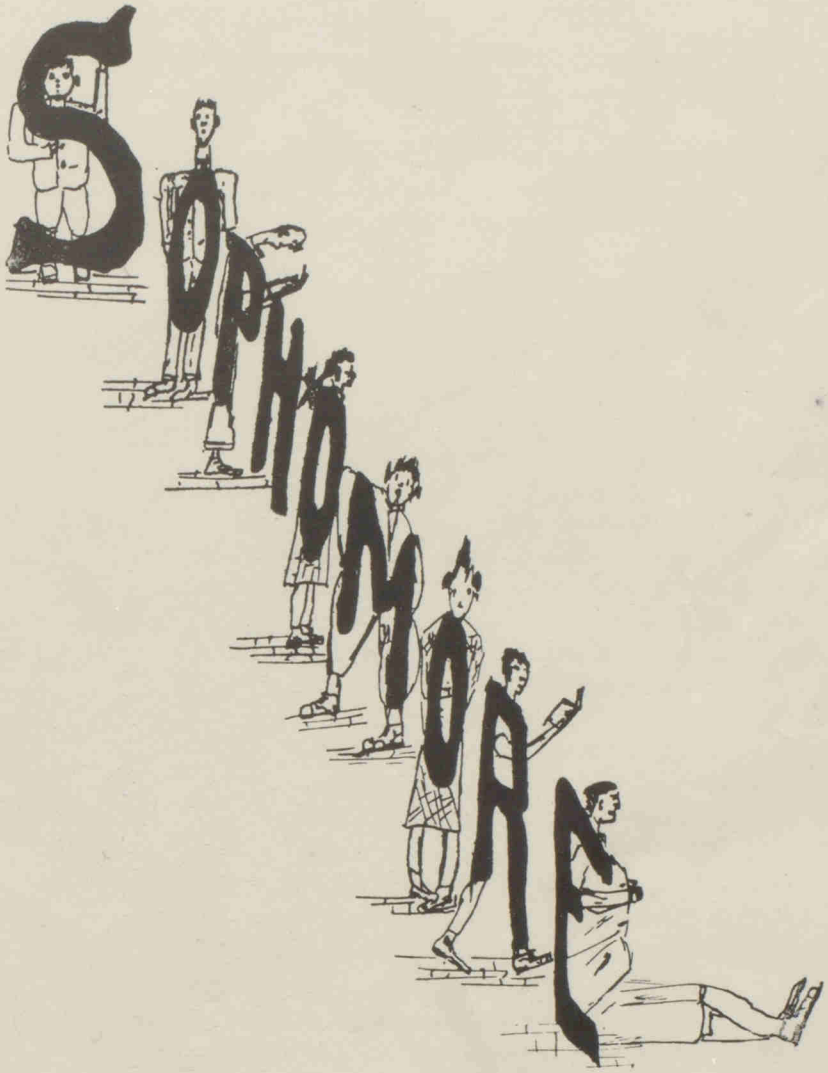
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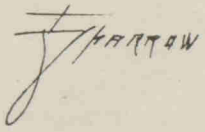
If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch, you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out in the world, you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of the mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere ever a step is run;
And many a coward fails
Ere ever his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow;
Think small and you'll fall behind;
Think what you can, and you will,
It's all in the state of the mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late, the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

Anonymous.


SOPHOMORE



SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

It was one bright September morning, if I remember right
That three and thirty freshmen entered High School fresh and bright.
Poor little green things trembling from fright,
Furnished Sophs, Juniors and Seniors a glorious sight.
But amid their sneers and haughty jeers
We hurried on hiding our tears.
Once in our seats part fear was lost
And our dear little hearts were tempest tossed.
In Algebra we surpassed them all
But part of the class happened to fall
Whether or not this was caused by the "flu"
That's the excuse we'll give to you.
That we went through eight grades in the dark
It what Mr. Simer told us—Hark!
But nevertheless some few did shine
In the Orchestra, Glee Club, and all that line.
In Basket Ball we were ahead
Because of Ivan, Harold and Ted.
But through all these troubles and trials
We left old High School all smiles.
We had done pretty well we thought
As well as any freshmen ought.
Although we lost part of our class
We still have left a goodly mass.
Again we enter DeLand High
And as Sophs we're willing to try.
We have lost all dread and fear
So of us in the future you're bound to hear.
To High School parties each month we've gone
But still our faces are bright (??) at dawn.
In the Orchestra and band we still shine
And on our faces are looks divine.
We featured in the High School play
In which, we were the brightest ray.
We still get many callings down
But can we help it, if we act the clown?
We have to take long spelling lessons
Though these may prove to be good blessings.
But if the days are still sunny and bright
We'll try, this year, to get through in the 'light.'

GLADYS M. CONNER.

THE SOPHOMORES

"LITTLE FRESHMAN ANNIE"

Sophomore Short Story

Little insignificant Annie Durham, the rector's daughter, sat in the large assembly of the Amboy High School, wistfully viewing separate groups of students gathered in choice parts of the room.

They were talking in animated whispers, and Annie, having the feeling of being left out in the cold, felt a little resentment, for she knew about what they were talking. The long-talked-of game between the girls basket ball teams of the Amboy and Sterling High Schools, was to be played the following week. Annie had always wanted to be on the team, but being a "Freshman" could not. Once she substituted for Helen Fields as left guard, and oh, she felt proud. It was such fun and ever since she had practiced almost daily at home with Bob, her brother, until she was, as he declared, "a crack shot." If only Helen would not be able to play Friday, thought Annie, and then immediately she pinched herself for even wishing such a thing, for Annie was a conscientious little body and did not wish anyone ill fortune.

But the thought grew and grew until Annie, for she coud not banish the thought hard as she tried, seemed to feel that she and no noe else was going to be left guard. Time and again she practiced at home, until the night before the big day; then everything seemed lost to little Freshman Annie. The next morning dawned clear and bright, an ideal start for such a great day. Annie was feeling downhearted and crestfallen. "Well, Sis, today's the great day. Are you going to be left guard?" teased Bob. "I don't think I shall go at all," answered Annie, turning swiftly aside to hide the approaching tears. "Not go!" exclaimed Bob, "Why that's not the way to do, after crossing the bridge, to turn around and go back over it. Rex Reine says that the Freshmen are to usher. Why when I was a Freshman we fellows didn't even get to do that; we just had to stand first on one leg and then the other, and even when we yelled and gave cheers, the others always drowned us out. So cheer up, Sis, and your time will come. I'll be 'round for you about two. So long." So saying, Bob turned and proceeded on his way to his father's study. Annie, somewhat cheered by her brother who was a Senior, began to make preparations to go to the game.

At two o'clock, true to his word, Bob was at the front gate, and when Annie came skipping out, her own cheery self again, Bob thought there never was a sister of whom to be more proud. He helped her into the car and soon they were speedily wending their way to the ball grounds. Never again did Annie resent the fact that she was not going to be left guard. Her pride in her school and the sight of her friends made her glad that she did not stay at home.

At last the game begins and the teams take their places. There is

a breathless pause, then—some how the Amboy team seems to be unusually slow. Now one score is lost. What is the matter with Dorothy Sievers, the center? What can be the matter? Amboy has lost six points. These thoughts tumbled themselves into little Annie's mind. "If someone would only cheer them and—what did the umpire blow his whistle for then? "Dorothy has fallen and sprained her ankle, no it's—it's Helen." Without thinking of anything except that her friend was hurt, Annie rushed to her side. She was just aiding in bandaging the wounded foot when she heard her name called. Looking up, Annie preceived Mr. Thrall, the principal, coming towards her with a look of anxiety on his face. Wondering what he wanted Annie waited his approach. "Since Helen will not be able to play, we need a left guard badly. Will you substitute for Miss Helen? We shall lose the game if you won't." Astounded, Annie could not speak, but simply nodded her head in assent.

During the few moments left, Annie made preparations to play and was ready to play when the whistle was blown. She joined the rest of the team with a cheerful smile and a word of encouragement. "Let's work, girls," she said, "with all our might and main." When the signal was given, the last half of the game started with new life in the Amboy team. They played as they had never played before and Little Annie was glad of her practices with Bob. She seemed just to see the blue and white banner of the Amboy High School, to hear Bob's voice cheering her on, and the goal. Finally the whistle was blown with a score of fourteen to six in favor of Amboy. Cheers rang from one side to the other and the happiest moments of a certain little girl at the end of that glorious day were when she heard three cheers given for—"Little Freshman Annie!"

LENORA GRETHE.

A foreigner was taking out his first papers for naturalization. He was given a blank to fill out. When the clerk received the blank, he was surprised to see the first three lines filled out as follows:

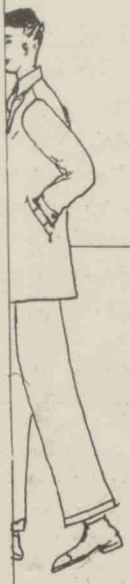
Name—Isadore Levinsky.
Born—Yes.
Business—Rotten.

Why may a beggar wear a very short coat?
Because it may be long before he gets another.

Angie—"Last night I dreamed I was in heaven."
Pearl—"Did you see me there?"
Angie—"Yes, then I knew I was dreaming."



FRESHIES







J. HARROW

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Since the history of the Freshman class is one of the important parts of the Annual, we have been asked to give a brief record of their work and spirit in the school.

On the morning of September 1, 1919, ten Freshmen entered High School. Of course we were called green and silly; but what did we care. There is not a student in High School that has ever been ashamed of the name of Freshman. There are four girls and six boys; but this does not mean that the boys run the class. The Freshmen students showed their ability in creating school spirit. Two of them are in the High School Orchestra, and four are in the High School Band. Several of them tried for the Oratorical Contest given at Monticello, May 14, 1920. But of course they were beaten. One of them was assigned a part in the High School Play, "The Elopement of Ellen."

The Freshman class of 1919-1920, taken as a whole, is an exception. Most of the Freshmen are taking the same course of study. They organized a club in General Science, in which the members of the class take turn about in giving talks prepared by themselves. Also they take turn about in serving refreshments on the second week of each month. This organization proved to be of great value to the class.

Of course the Freshman class is the source of a lot of fun. We are told not to get out in the grass for if we did we would get lost. But what do we care. We are looking forward to those who will be the victims next year. And although we are Freshmen, we have mounted the first step of the ladder that is in easy reach of every boy and girl.

FRANCIS P. SPARROW, '23.



THE FRESHIES

"THE PRIZE ESSAY"

Freshie Short Story

Marie and Jean were Juniors in college and very good friends.

Jean's parents were wealthy, but Marie's father was dead and it was only by hard work that she had worked her way through high school and now endeavoring to go through college.

Marie and Jean were in many respects very much alike. Both girls stood well in their classes and first and second honors were almost always theirs.

As the two girls were walking across the campas Marie remembered that Wednesday, the next day, was the time for a letter from her mother. Marie always looked forward to those letters for they were always cheerful and encouraging.

On the next day the letter came, but instead of the bright cheerful letter that Marie had expected, she received a letter from her mother in which she said that the mortgage on heir home was almost due and that she would have to give up their home if she could not raise the money in time.

Marie was sad at the thought of losing her home, but she wrote her mother an encouraging letter and set about to see what she could do to help. Besides serving in the dining room, Marie wrote articles for magazines and newspapers. This work required much time and the returns were small. As she was a good student she had to spend a great deal of time on her studies.

Marie had almost given up hope of being able to help her mother until in English class one day she saw a way in which she might be able to help.

Professor McLaughlin had announced that morning that a prize of one hundred dollars was to be given to the student of the Junior English class who handed to the judges the best essay on "Washington and the Republic."

Marie wished to win the prize but she did not tell anyone she wanted to do so.

Jean and several other girls were intending to try for the prize, not because they needed the money but because they desired the honor.

All the contestants studied and worked hard on their essays but when the papers were handed to the English teacher to be looked over, (before they were handed to the judges) the English teacher told Jean that her essay was much better than the others and that the prize would undoubtedly be given to her.

Jean was happy the rest of the day and when she went to bed that night she could not sleep for thinking how she would spend the prize money.

Marie soon fell asleep as she was tired, and as she was worried she often talked in her sleep.

Marie startled Jean on this particular night by saying "Oh, I must get that prize money. If I can it will pay the mortgage. Oh I must.

Jean's first thots were to awaken Marie and ask her about what she said but upon second thought she decided not to. She lay awake thinking of what she had heard and then she quietly got out of bed and slipped down to the English teacher's office. She took her own essay and tore it into hundreds of pieces and carried them back to her room. She destroyed them and then, thinking that the other contestants would not understand and as she did not care to tell what she had heard Marie say, she sat down and wrote an essay, in no respects like the other; but one that she knew could not take the prize when Marie's essay was also in the race.

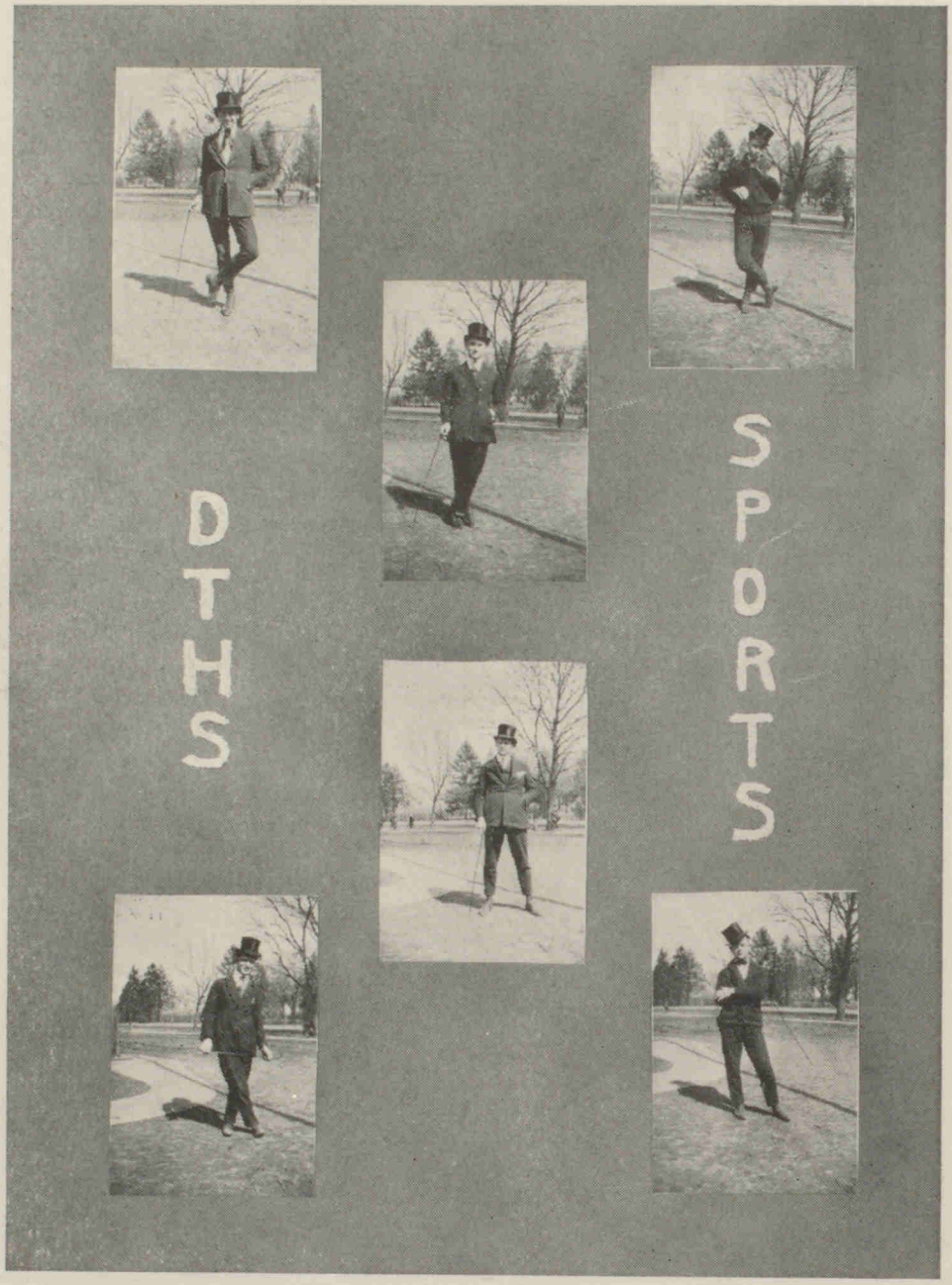
She took this essay to the English room and put it where her other essay had been.

Several days later the essays were handed to the judges, and no one knew except a certain little Junior girl that Jean would stand no chance of winning the prize.

It was the day for the winner of the prize to be announced. The auditorium was crowded. The judge arose to announce the winner and many persons were surprised when Marie, and not Jean, was given the prize.

Marie was so glad that she told Jean her wish for winning the prize and why she wanted it. Jean already knew but did not tell Marie how she found out or what she had done.

ANGIE ADAMS, '23


DTHS
SPORTS

"THE SPECTATOR"

SOCIAL AND DRAMATIC

Weiner Roast

The first social event of the year was a weiner roast on the evening of Occtober second in Gantz' timber. Most of the High School students were present and everyone received his share of the weiners, marshmallows, olives, and smoke. An all round jolly evening was spent around the fire and the crowd returned to town mostly via Fords, singing "Doggone That Moonlight" and others of equal intelligence. It is to be regretted that this was the only affair of its kind held during the season.

Birthday Parties

The monthly birthday parties have furnished a great deal of the social life of the school this year. The first of these was a Hallowe'en party held in the basement of the Methodist Church. The guests had been asked to mask as either ghosts or goblins, but it seemed that the majority of the boys had cold feet, as only one or two of them masked. The girls were all ghosts. The customary Hallowe'en stunts were pulled off and the Committee succeeded splendidly in making fools of as many of us as possible. The next birthday party was a Christmas affair held on December thirteenth at the Christian Church. An interesting feature of the evening was a bazaar at which one could obtain almost anything—by paying for it. In spite of the cold weather most of the High School Students attended as well as the Senior class of '19 who were our special guests.

The January party was held at the home of Miss Lois Cox. The guests were requested to bring bottles in honor of the day, January sixteenth. All enjoyed chocolate from their bottles and Mr. Simer, who carried a very suspicious looking receptacle very graciously regaled us during supper with reminiscences of other times over that same bottle.

On the evening of February twenty-first, the climax was reached in a Hard Times party at the home of Miss Minnie Mix. The variety and style of costumes displayed was interesting, to say the least. Delicious refreshments of crackers, toothpicks, and water were served and this was followed later by a "real feed." Everyone departed assuring the hostess and Committee that it had been one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

The March-April party was held on April seventeenth at the Methodist Church. Several Seniors were on the Committee and of course the affair was a brilliant success.

Chautauqua Festival

On the evenings of November 2, 3, 4, 5, the Jones Chautauqua Company of Perry, Iowa, put on a lecture course at the wigwam in the interests of

the Senior Class who received one tenth of the season tickets sold. The course was as follows:

November 2—"Facts and Fun of the Crayon"—Prof. G. E. Weaver.
November 3—"The Path to Kingly Power"—Dr. H. C. Kleckner.
November 4—"Harp Solos, Harpologues, Readings—The Galganos.
November 5—"The Lion and the Mouse"—Myrtle Tullar.

On the whole, the course was well attended and the Seniors did not regret having put it on.

High School Play

Unlike the play that was put on last year, the two comedies presented this winter were not produced by the Senior class alone. The dramatis personae was chosen by the "try out" system, from the entire student body and anyone was free to try out for the character he preferred to represent. Much good natured rivalry existed between persons who preferred the same part. Of course it was purely accidental that Gerald and Ersie received the part of the newlyweds; and it certainly was a streak of luck that made Ivan and Bernice the young lovers.

The two comedies were presented on the evening of the twentieth of December before a packed house and the Orchestra and Glee Club assisted greatly in making the evening a success. "Box and Cox," a one act comedy of short duration, was presented first, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. This was followed by the longer one, "The Elopement of Ellen," a comedy in three acts. The characters acted their parts well and D. T. H. S. was justly proud of them.

"THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN."

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts.

By Marian J. Warren.

Cast of Characters

Richard Ford, a devoted young husband ---------- Gerald Dewees
Molly Ford, his wife ---------- Ersie Dewees
Robert Shepard, Molly's brother ---------- Essel Smith
Max Ten Eych, a chum of Robert's ---------- Ivan Trigg
June Haverhill, who is doing special investigation for economics courses ---------- Elva Conner
John Hume, Rector of St. Agnes ---------- Francis Sparrow
Dorothy March, Max's fiance ---------- Bernice Swartz

Act I—Morning room at Mrs. Ford's home at 8:00 a. m.
Act II—Corner of Mrs. Ford's garden at 5:00 a. m. the next day.
Act III—Same corner in evening the same day
Place—Suburb of New York City
Time—Summer of 1905.

"BOX AND COX."

A Romance of Real Life

By J. Madison Morton.

Cast of Characters

John Box, a journeyman Printer _____Theodore Holforty
James Cox, a journeyman Hatter _____Karl Mansfield
Mrs. Bouncer, the Landlady _____Lois Cox
Place—A room in Mrs. Bouncer's rooming house in London.

Box Social

On the evening of January twenty-second a box social was put on at the Wigwam by the Senior class. In connection with the selling of the boxes, an interesting program was presented, consisting of several numbers by the Orchestra, a reading by Francis Sparrow a number of selections by the D. T. H. S. male quartet, and some apt stunts by Chaney and Sparrow, professional comedians. This was the first appearance of the male quartet (Frank, Eugene, Clifford and Donald) of which we are justly proud. The address by "Reverend" Sparow was impressive and well delivered and his interview with Chaney, the Jew, which followed, marked the climax of the entertainment. A large number of boxes were brought and sold and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present.

Scottish Program

On the morning of March eighth and ninth, a Scottish entertainment was presented to the High School by the Senior class. A number of readings and songs were taken from the works of Robert Burns and the victrola records were, for the most part, Lauder records.

Biography of Burns _____ John Frye
Reading, "Highland Mary" _____ Elva Conner
"Blue Bells of Scotland" and "The Wee Hoose Amang the Heather"
on the victrola _____Faye Adams
Reading, "Tam O'Shanter" _____ Lora Briggs
Scottish Traits and Characteristics _____Holdo Riggins
Victrola, "I Love a Lassie," "Annie Laurie," and "John Anderson,
My Jo, John" _____ Clara Anderson
Scottish Stories _____ Richard Haggard
Vocal Solo, "My Heart's in the Highlands" _____ Donald Souders
Reading, "Granny's Laddie" _____ Ray Bartley
Quartet, "It's nice to get up in the Morning"____Ray, John, Holdo, Donald
Vocal Solo, "I Love My Jean" _____ Lois Cox

St. Patrick's Entertainment

This program was given on the afternoon of March seventeen by the members of the Junior Class. The selections were all in keeping with the day and proved that, with all their shortcomings, the Seniors of '21 aren't such a bad lot, after all.

Vocal Solo, "Irish Lullaby" _____ Donald Souders
Irish Wit and Humor _____ Essel Smith
Piano Solo, "Just for the Fun of It" _____ Brent Cox
Origin of St. Patrick's Day _____ Geneva Porter
Vocal Solo, "A Little Bit of Heaven" _____ Lois Cox
Selections on the Victrola _____ Mable Davis
"Mother Machree"
"Dear Little Shamrock"
Irish Traits and Character _____ Gasena Huisinga
Irish Popular Numbers—Violin and 'Cello Duet
"Tumble Down Shack in Athlone" _____Elizabeth and Minnie
"When the Sun Sets in Ireland" _____Elizabeth and Minnie

"Coon" Entertainment

One morning during January a Southern program was presented to the High School under the direction of Miss Lamb. The entertainment was a success in every way and we found out several things that we had not known before; namely, that we had a quartet of Carusos in our midst, and that 'Fat' Sparrow's leading stunt was being a 'minister of the gospel.'

Reading in Dialect _____ Elva Conner
Selections by the D. T. H. S. Orchestra
Reading, "The Possum" _____ Wilma Troxel
Quartet, "Kingdom Comin'," "Nelly Bly," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" _____ Donald, Eugene, Frank, Clifford
Ukelele Solo, "Alabama Lullaby" _____ Lois Cox
Reading in Dialect _____ Francis Sparrow
Victrola Selections, "Carolina Sunshine"
Orchestra—

Faculty Banquet

On the evening of March 11, 1920, the faculty of the DeLand Township High School, entertained the members of the School Board and their wives. Luncheon was served in the Household Science rooms, at seven o'clock. The tables were prettily decorated in green and white, carrying out St. Patrick's colors in the place cards of small hand-painted shamrocks. The girls of the Household Science department served.

Freshman-Sophomore Party

On the evening of May eighth, nineteen hundred twenty, the Sophomores and Freshmen forgot their relationship long enough to enjoy a full three hour entertainment of fun and good sport.

Adam was continually running off with Jacob's wife, Rachael, while Eve seemed to find great pleasure in seeking Jacob's society.

Good English and punctuation were forgotten for once, when a test for the speed in composing sentences was performed. It was at this time that "ditto" came into it's own.

An exhibition of some of the finest pigs was also a great feat in the evening's entertainment. Frank McMillen's pig was the best one on display and to him was given the blue ribbon.

One without a name would have been handicapped when refreshments were served, for partners were secured by guessing names, the letters of which had been mixed. Apple pie and ice cream were served, and the pie had the honor of being made by a Freshman lad.

Above all events of the evening, the Sophomores appreciated the color scheme. The Sophomore colors of purple and white adorned the tables and walls and created a charming effect.

This evening was one not soon to be forgotten and it was an eventful time in the careers of all Freshmen and Sophomores.

Junior-Senior Reception

On the evening of May nineteenth, the Junior-Senior banquet was held at the home of Elizabeth Carter. The color scheme of old rose and green, the Senior class colors, was carried out in all the decorations.

A sumptuous four course dinner was served by a cateress and five girls of the Sophomore class. After the dinner, several interesting toasts were given. Brent Cox, who was toastmaster, introduced the speakers and made some very clever remarks about some members of the Faculty and of the Senior Class. We entertain some doubts as to the truth of his statements. In Geneva Porter's toast to the Seniors we were surprised to learn that as a class we possessed even more virtues than we had thought. The response to this toast was given by Lora Briggs and the Juniors here learned several interesting facts about their futures. Elizabeth Carter's toast to the Faculty was in the form of a clever poem, of which Miss Lamb responded. We have only one fault to find with Miss Lamb's speech—she asked too many embarrassing questions. After this we were entertained by a violin solo by Minnie Mix and a vocal solo by Lois Cox. The guests departed at a late hour after congratulating the members of the Junior class for being such capital entertainers.



OUR BAND

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA AND BAND

President _____ Geneva Porter
Manager _____ Ivan Trigg.
Secretary and Treasurer _____ Essel Smith.

The school year 1919-1920 is the third year of the D. T. H. S. Orchestra. As might be expected in an organization of this kind, the membership is constantly changing. Just at present there are nineteen members. The School Board pays all expenses this year, something which has not been done before and which is highly appreciated by the members of the organization.

The only drawback to the work of the Orchestra has been the lack of violins, but with a class of nine now preparing themselves for the work, we shall soon be a well balanced organization. Since only two members will leave at the end of this semester and a number of new ones enter with the next year's Freshman Class, we ought to be able to do great things. Each semester sees the ability of the Orchestra to work together greatly advanced. The present members owe much to those who in the beginning held the organization together by their untiring efforts.

The first concert of the year was given December twentieth, 1919. This splendid musicale seems to have pleased everyone. Besides furnishing the music for High School plays and entertainments, the Orchestra has played before the Assembly a number of times. On January twenty-third we were asked to play for the Teachers' Meeting at Monticello. There we gave a thirty minute concert and received a number of pleasing compliments. We gave our second public concert on April eighth, 1920. A large crowd heard the "best concert the Orchestra has ever given."

Much of the success of the Orchestra is due to the director, Harry F. Merry. Through his patience and ability we are able to do our work. In absence Frank McMillen ably takes the directing into his hands (and mouth.) We should not be surprised if some day Frank is one of the leading band directors of the country. Let us all remember that we each have a part in the Orchestra, that its sucess depends upon everyone. In the future we shall strive toward higher things, in our appreciation of music and in our aims in music.

Soon after the second concert, the High School Band was organized. A few members who had not taken part in the Orchestra joined this, and a few were let out because of the kind of instruments played. Their first appearance in public was made at the preliminary contest, April twenty-third. They also acompanied the contestants to the County Contest at Monticello, May 14.

Because of the late date of the organization of the Band, nothing startling has been done, but in the future it will work right along with the Orchestra in the activities of the school.

GENEVA PORTER, '21.



OUR ORCHESTRA

ROLL CALL

SENIORS

A merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal.—John Frye

I am not only witty myself, but the cause of wit in other men.—Richard Haggard.

I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman.—Ray Bartley

Of me you may write in the blackest of ink,
I say what I mean and I know what I think.—Donald Souders

O wad some power the giftie gee us
To see oursilves as ithers see us.—Lora Briggs

Words, words, words.—Holdo Riggins

She bluffeth, My Lord, how she bluffeth.—Elva M. Conner

A goodly woman, nobly planned
To comfort, strengthen, and command.—Fay Adams

I am a stranger here—heaven is my home.—Ray Bartley

All things I thought I knew; but now confess,
The more I know I know I know the less.—Clara Anderson

I am Sir Benedick, the married man.—Gerald Dewees

As quiet as a nun is she.—Lora Briggs

I'll sing for you, I'll play for you a dulsome melody.—Donald Souders

JUNIORS

Tell me in sadness whom 'tis that you love.—Essel Smith

Sober, steadfast, and demure.—Mabel Davis

How doth this busy little bee improve each shining hour.—Geneva Porter

* * * And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.—Brent Cox

Oh sleep it is a beauteous thing, beloved from pole to pole.—Essel Smith

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.—Lois Cox

The proper study of mankind is man.—Elizabeth Carter

I confess I do shine today, I am too bright.—Gasena Huisinga

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears.—Minnie Mix

SOPHOMORES

There is no royal road to Geometry.—Ruth Bowsher

Nobody knows it, but once I was bashful.—Frank McMillen

He has common sense in a way that's uncommon.—James Trimby

Conspicuous by his absence.—Ross Chaney

Lady, wherefore talk you so?—Eva Barnes

I love a lassie.—Eugene Sparrow

Come and trip it as you go on the light fantastic toe.—Bernice Swartz

Maiden with the meek, brown eyes.—Gladys Dresback

Modest, and simple, and sweet, the very type of
Priscilla.—Ethel Fitzwater

Why am I silent from year to year?—Harmen Shultz

Latin—dead, but still not sleeping, nor conductive to
sleep in others.—Bernice Trimby

Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat
Therefore, let's be merry.—Esther Robinson

I will strive with things impossible; yea get the better
of them.—Gladys Conner

High in name and power, higher than both in blood
and life.—Theodore Holforty

I would that my tongue could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me!—John Huisinga

I waste not a moment and stay not to rest,
Though idlers to tempt me combine.—Eugene Sparrow

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.—Irene Trigg

O what learning is!—Ivan Trigg

Thou say'st an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.—Wilma Troxel

To be merry best becomes you; for out of question
you were born in a merry hour.—Karl Mansfield

He hath so free, so kind a disposition.—Clifford Gilmore

Co-education is the thief of time.—Frank McMillen

There was a lass and she was fair.—Harold Liestman

Blessed are the studious, for they shall receive much
fruit from the tree of knowledge.—George Adams

As firm as faith.—Irene Trigg

Her voice was ever gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman.—Lenora Grethe.

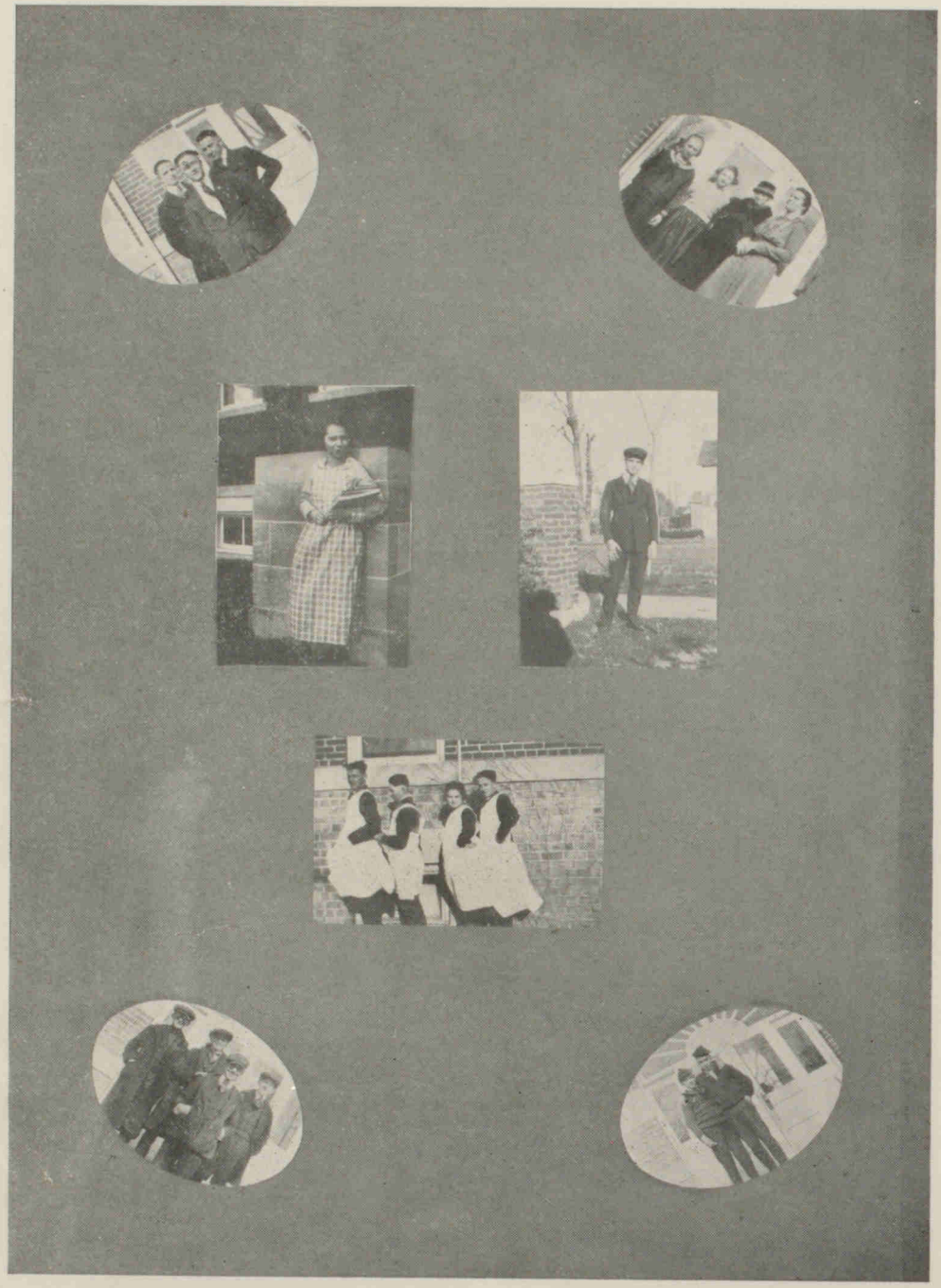
Of such are the kingdom of heaven.—Anna Huisinga

FRESHMEN

Nature hath her little joke.—Francis Sparrow
The world knows little of its greatest men.—Theodore Ahlrich
Now I lay me down to sleep.—Homer Prine
I love my comfort and my leisure.—Lynn Cox
Man delights not me.—Pearl Meyers
The good die young—I feel sick myself.—Clarence Ahlrich
As merry as the day is long.—Mildred Elder
A face that can not smile is never good.—Thelma Miller
And she breaks some lad's heart with every smile.—Angie Adams
Cutey, who tied your tie?—Francis Sparrow

FACULTY

Funny as a tombstone.—Mr. Lafferty
A school master was he, as blithe a man as you could see, on
a Spring holiday.—Mr. Simer
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.—Mr. Jones
My heart's in the Highlands,
My heart is not here.—Miss Stone
She doth little kindnesses, which most leave undone
or despised.—Miss Boling
The man who hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with
concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons.—Mr. Merry
Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know—Miss Lamb



A WOMAN'S WAYS

She will laugh while the tears still dim the eyes,
She will sing a song to cover the sighs,
She will fight for the mastery over pain,
Full many an untold battle gain;
Then over a mouse will faint away,
But this is only a woman's way.

She will take her place in the battle of life,
And bear uncomplaining the brunt of the strife,
Her strength and energy ready to share,
And always trying a smile to wear;
But in a dispute the last word she'll say,
For that is just a woman's way.

She rocks the cradle of life's greatest men;
She has ruled the world since the world began;
She can reach a decision and act on the same
While a man spends the time in arguments lame,
But when she goes shopping she takes the whole day,
For that is just a woman's way.

—Adda Ranney Brooke in Buffalo News.

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We are exclusive agents for the following
famous brands of merchandise

PHOENIX HOSIERY
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
IRON CLAD HOSIERY
MUNSING UNDERWEAR
BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS
S. & H. COATS and SUITS

They are all guaranteed by the Manufacturer and by Us.

MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

SCHOOL CALENDAR 1919--1920

SEPTEMBER

1. Registration and Assignments. "Who shall have the southwest room?" "Why the Seniors of course." The new teachers sized up and suppositions expressed as to their ability to be bluffed.
3. More work! "Say you ought to see the lesson Miss Lamb assigned for tomorrow in English.
4. Essel Smith walked home with Lora Briggs this noon.
5. "Did you go to the concert last night?" "No, it took me all evening to read the Latin lesson assigned for today."
8. Miss Boling in Sewing Class: "I want you girls to get that darn work done as soon as possible."
9. Yes, Mr. Jones is exceedingly unreasonable. He isn't even going to excuse anyone from school to go to the races at Monticello.
10. Why all the excitement? Oh, nothing much. The teachers decided that things were running too smoothly so Mr. Jones and Mr. Simer worked all day Saturday on a new schedule with the result that our studies conflict worse than ever. Oh, well! such is life in the D. T. H. S.
11. "Say do you know that those Freshies are so mixed up that they don't know whether they are taking algebra or trigonometry." "Huh! That's nothing. Why Holdo, a senior, forgot he was in Chemistry class today until the period was nearly over."
12. Miss Stone is wondering if Charles Law is in High School. "But then he must be for here is his name in the front of this Chemistry."
15. Lora wants to know if we are supposed to do anything in Physics except get our lessons.
16. Miss Lamb makes public to the English class her opinion of Ersie's man—ner.
17. After the last bell rang this noon, Essel was seen patiently standing in front of Cathcart's waiting—while Lora goes to school via the other door.
18. Who is the strange young man? "Oh, he's here visiting Miss Stone. Some say that he is her brother, but judging from appearances, he is Not."
19. Ethel in Zoology Class: "I don't remember any elements which compose the body except iodine and silver."
22. Francis doesn't know just what an autobiography is but anyway it's some sort of a book.
23. Last day of school until Friday. Why? Community Picnic, of course.
26. Holdo says he can't help it if he did have a girl last night. That boob of a Riley got him into it.

29. Mr. Simer was discovered in the Library on Saturday evening stealthily reading "Good Housekeeping." Now wouldn't that jar you?

In Algebra Class: "Angie, give me three consecutive numbers in Algebra." Angie: "X, Y, and Z."

30. Miss Boling and her Zoology Class go for a hike, taking Mr. Lafferty and his General Science Class along for protection.

OCTOBER

1. Mr. Simer: "Please shut the door. Thank you."
2. Weiner roast out at Clara's. Some weather.
6. Frank McMillen looked all thru the Bible and couldn't find a single thing about Silas Marner.
7. "What the noise." "Oh, nothing but Dick's new sweater."
8. Elva isn't fond of making dates with fellows who come in Fords. Especially when the Ford runs without water.
9. The Seniors decide to assist in putting on a Fall Chautauqua Festival, November 2, 3, 4, and 5. They are to receive 20 per cent of the receipts from the season tickets. Holdo, "Yes, that's just what I thot."
10. The new pupil, Jemima Mary Ann, has been enrolled in the Sewing class. She is very quiet having never spoken in her life.
31. Mr. Simer is going around trying to get signers for a card which reads: "Names of those subjects to fits, etc." As yet Dick is the only signer.

NOVEMBER

2. Mr. Simer unintentionally discovers that at least one member of the Senior Class is not afraid of him.
3. Dick: "Well if Miss Lamb is going to get cross about it, I might as well agree with her."
4. The whole Dewees family was absent today.
6. The Orchestra and Glee Club furnished Music for the Woman's Club at their Annual School Meeting. The Domestic Science class served tea and wafers.
11. Dr. Royal W. Ennis delivered an address before the school in honor of Armistice Day.
13. The Seniors discover a coming Cicero in their midst for Holdo displays his wonderful oratorical power in a theme which Miss Lamb pronounces "too deep for me."

Dick was seen measuring the walls of the assembly room in an effort to determine the "actual seating space" of the room.

14. Being late for school, Gerald goes home to avoid having 2½ deducted from his grades and to his dismay learns that 5 is deducted for absence.
16. Lois to Bernice: "I don't mind being ugly, do you?"
20. Ray goes home with the mumps.



REMEMBER

When you read the jokes in this ANNUAL, the biggest JOKE is the man without a Bank Account. High Schoolers will do well to start a SAVINGS ACCOUNT now, and let it be the beginning of a larger account after school is over.

We Pay 3 per cent on Savings

START NOW

STATE BANK OF DELAND

21. Mr. Jones gives an interesting talk on Rip VanWinkle. We hope there are none such in D. T. H. S.
24. Rev. Million speaks before the high school on "Training for Citizenship."
26. More mumps. Holdo is the victim.
28. Mumps seems to be the favorite disease of the Seniors. Gerald is sent home today.

DECEMBER

4. First Orchestra concert of the season.
5. Miss Boling receives a beautiful coral necklace from the Samoan Islands.
7. Gerald at play practice: "It affects me like a maggot."
13. Co. Supt. McIntosh visits the school.
14. Sleep is indeed "the chief nourisher in life's feast"—at least so Homer finds it.
15. The Cooking Class hold their first sandwich sale.
24. Miss Stone left town this noon and consequently the Civics Class had an Exam. "Somebody is always taking the joy out of life."

JANUARY

5. "Have a pleasant vacation?" "Did you see the darling ring Gene got for me?" "Look at the pen I received from Guy."
10. "Do not disfigure our desks, they are clean."—The Senior Boys.
19. Services were held in the Assembly this morning. The exercises were in charge of Rev. (?) F. P. Sparrow. The music was furnished by the D. T. H. S. quartet.
20. It appears, from the number of books being taken home each evening, that some people are reforming. Perhaps too late.
21. Semester Exams.
22. Semester Exams. We do not care to discuss the subject further.
26. Did you pass?
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
the saddest are these, I've flunked again."
27. Frank goes in search of the mumps—and finds them.

FEBRUARY

11. Notice Dick's blue serge?
12. "Ross, can you lend me a quarter?"
"No, I went broke buying paper to write American History themes on."
13. Friday, the thirteenth, so of course everything goes well.
16. Mr. Jones takes the mumps. "It happens in the best of regulated families."
17. "Peeved, peeved, always peeved,
Peeved for he picks on me;
But never a soul takes pity now
When Simer gets peeved at me." —Dick.

WHEN IN MONTICELLO

See DONAHUE, the Druggist

for

DRUGS WALL PAPER PAINTS AND OILS
CANDY STATIONERY AND PHOTO-
GRAPHIC SUPPLIES.

REMEMBER—If It's Good WE HAVE IT

DONAHUE, the Druggist

On the Corner Monticello, Illinois

TELEPHONES: 38 and 40

J. Q. CARTER
BUILDING MATERIALS

DeLand, - - - - - - Illinois

18. Fat is informed by the doctor that he has a serious case of heart trouble. Only by keeping calm sayeth the physician, and by avoiding walks uphill will he be able to retain enough strength to carry on his school work. He has our sympathy.
19. The fattest Senior takes the chicken pox.
24. Miss Lamb goes home with the flu.
25. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." (For details see Mr. Simer.)
26. "By thy bright green tie, and bonny brown eye,
Now what for wearest it, Ray?"
27. Mr. Jones returns and takes over Miss Lamb's Latin class. "When a feller needs a friend."

MARCH

1. Miss Lamb returns.
2. Mr. J. N. Rodman speaks before the High School on "The Constitutional Convention."
3. From the display of pigtails and hair ribbons, it would seem that some people are vainly trying to recall the days of happy childhood.
8. The Seniors render a Scottish program.
9. Our farmers come out in native dress! We are proud of them.
10. Poor little Freshies! We feel for you! We, too, once took Algebra.
11. Debate in Economics class, Girls vs. Boys. In order to keep peace no decision was announced.
12. Absolutely nothing doing. The sun even forgot to shine.
17. "Shure, an' it's St. Patrick's day an' it is, sorr, an' the Juniors, be gorry, was afther entertainin' us with a foine toime this afthernoon."
19. Miss Lamb censors the Class Prophecy to Mr. Simer's relief and satisfaction.
22. "Spring o' year."
29. The Class President returns and we settle down to work.
30. Mr. S. gets "hardboiled" in the basket ball game. If you don't believe it, ask Ivan.
31. How many are going to enter the Literary Contest? Don't all speak at once, please.

APRIL

1. We don't know whether Holdo calls it an imperial or a "Charlie Chaplin" but we call it a misplaced eyebrow.
2. Senior Sandwich Sale. Dick says the next time he'll collect the money or do anything else within reason, but by The Great Horn Spoon, he'll not wash dishes again.

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5. Today is Monday. We can't think of anything but the weather.
6. The prodigal teacher returns. Make haste to kill the fatted calf.
8. Everybody is busy thinking about the Orchestra Concert tonight. No one has time to do anything for the Annual.
9. Things suffered today as the Editor-in-Chief has been busy singing, "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning." It looks bad for someone.
12. The Darwin theory was discussed in English Class today. Richard is a firm believer. .
13. D. T. H. S. Band organized today.
Wanted: By three competent musicans, a job guaranteed to last.
14. Whether a cat has nine lives or ninety nine. Mr. J. would desire a little more work and a little less play in the Lab.
19. Miss Boling is too ill to come to school today. Here's our heartfelt wish for her speedy recovery.
20. Mr. Charles Loney addresses the High School on "The History of Aviation." At least one member of the faculty was very attentive.
22. Staff pictures taken. Slow recovery.
23. Preliminary Contest held at Christian Church. Also one Richard H. gets his hair pulled. Poor boy!
26. "Judge" arrives. No Bookkeeping recitation today.
27. And it rained.
28. "Please remain in the Assembly Room when you have no classes. A word to the wise is sufficient."—Faculty.
29. Blessed is the man who attendeth to his own affairs, for he shall be appreciated in the Laboratory.
30. "To me the meanest flower that grows brings thought that do often lie too deep for tears." Botany Class.

MAY

3. Last chapter in Economics finished. Wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Seniors (?)
4. There were two Sophomores and two Seniors. And they went to Monticello. And then_____.
5. "Holdo, you are such a precocious child."
6. Economic students take up their abode in the Sewing Room—"Far from the maddening crowd."
7. Judging from the noise it seems that the Seniors are not the only ones who—disagree.
8. "Freshies at Home."
10. Joke Editor takes a nap.
11. Not "Judge" but "Life."
13. Mr. Simer confers upon the contest-goers, some of his fatherly advice.

PIATT COUNTY'S

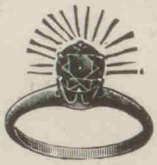
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14. Track meet and Literary contest at Monticello. No school.
17. A benediction is pronounced over our completed Lab. books.

Forecast

18. Orchestra plays at Bethel.
19. Junior Banquet.
23. Baccalaureate.
25. Last Birthday Party.
28. Commencement.

THE " MATTER WITH" AMERICA

What's the matter with America these days?
Too many diamonds, not enough alarm clocks.
Too many silk shirts, not enough of blue flannel.
Too many pointed-toed shoes, and not enough square-toed.
Too many serge suits and not enough overalls.
Too much decollete and not enough aprons.
Too many satin-upholstered limousines and not enough cows.
Too many consumers and not enough producers.
Too much oil stock and not enough saving accounts.

Too much envy of the results of hard work and too little desire to emulate it.

Too many desiring short cuts to wealth and too few willing to pay the price.

Too much of the spirit of "get while the getting is good" and not enough of old-fashioned Christianity.

Too much discontent that vents itself in mere complaining and too little real effort to remedy conditions.

Too much class consciousness and too little common democracy and love of humanity.

—Selected.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed?
When he slept with his forefathers.

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MUSIC without its refining and elevating influence, our churches and schools would not be carried on, law would not be sustained and the morals of men would become degenerate—Beecher.

FINANCIAL REPORT

The following Report was found among the personal effects of the Class Treasurer:

Receipts

Sale of Annuals	$172.50
From Advertisers	195.00
Donations wrung from Freshies	.12
Chautauqua Festival	21.99
Charity	50.00
Other Benevolences	40.00
Dug Up	124.01
Total Receipts	$603.62

Expenditures

Cost of Printing	$312.50
Cuts for Annual	165.00
Cuts for Faculty	30.00
Hush Money for Juniors	16.71
Bribes to Janitor	14.47
Midnight Electricity	4.00
Wages of Joke Editor	13.97
Life Insurance for Editor	5.21
Reward for Business Manager	.69
Doctor Bills for Staff	23.49
Repairs for Broken Cameras	17.63
Total Expenditures	$603.97
Loss	.35

I hereby swear that the foregoing is a true and incorrect account of the monies handled by me during the strenuous days of my Senior Year while acting as business manager of the 1920 DeLanois.

AVLE RENNOC, Business Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
three or four times.

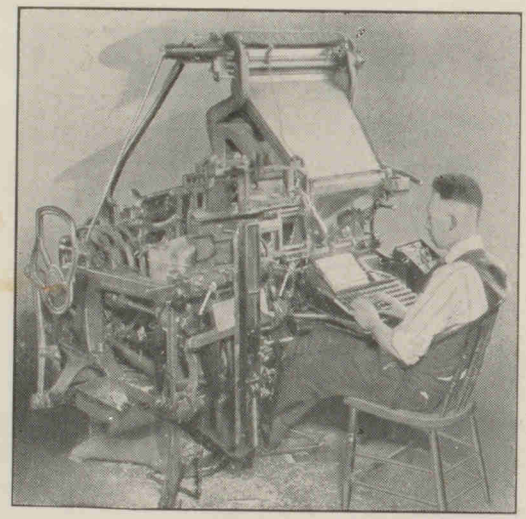
ARALC NOSREDNA

P. S.—The loss was caused by a subscription to the fund for a banquet to the Juniors.

FARMERS' STATE BANK
OF MONTICELLO

MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

INSURANCE FARM LOANS



This shows the Linotype machine in the Tribune office which was used to set this edition of the DeLanois. The printing in this book is a sample of the kind of work turned out by the The Tribune.

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SONG HITS

"Abide With Me" ---------- Mr. Jones to the Flunkers
"Auld Lang Syne" ---------- Alumni
"There's Music in the Air" ---------- Male Quartet
"How Can I Leave Thee" ---------- Seniors to the Rest of High
"Rescue the Perishing" ---------- Just Before Exams
"I Need Thee Every Hour" ---------- Simer to Bookkeeping Key
"Johnny's in Town" ---------- Esther
"Oh the Men" ---------- Nevy
"I Won't be Home 'till Morning" ---------- Frank
"Kind Words Can Never Die" ---------- Faculty
"The Emerald Isle" ---------- Freshies
"The End of a Perfect Day" ---------- Seniors
"Sweet and Low" ---------- The Glee Club
"Oh How Fickle is Woman" ---------- Essel
"Love's Old Sweet Song" ---------- Gene and Irene
"Alcoholic Blues" ---------- Dick
"Love Rules the World" ---------- Mr. Lafferty
"Rock of Ages" ---------- Miss Stone

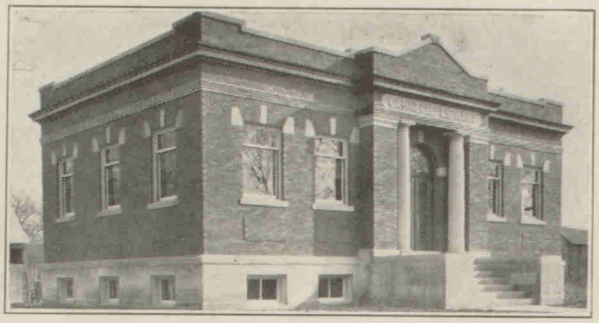
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did the Salt-Shaker?

Because when he saw the Spoon-holder, the Potato Masher, the Lemon Squeezer, the Egg Beater, the Can Opener, the Nut Cracker, and the Cork Puller, he gave her up.

Miss Lamb: "Have you any questions to ask about today's lessons?
Lora: "Yes, where is it?"

Karl M: "Say, mister, do you haul garbage?"
"Sure, get in."

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JUST BEFORE GRADUATION

Author Unknown

Handed in by Richard Haggard

I love to cut my classes, and
Go strolling in the park;
I hate to quit my baseball,
And sit studying till dark.
Most all the time, the whole year 'round
You don't see much of me,
'Cept just 'fore graduation,
I'm as good as I can be.

I study nobly every night,
And never try to bluff;
Learn areas, rules and dates,
And all that sort of stuff.
The teachers smile so kindly,
I guess they cannot see,
That just 'fore graduation,
I'm as good as I can be.

So keep away from movies,
Don't loiter in the hall;
Don't let the teacher catch you,
In the basement playing ball.
For if you want to graduate,
Just take a tip from me;
And just 'fore graduation,
Be as good as you can be.

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"The Class of 1919"

Report of the Librarian of D. T. H. S.

The following books have been called for and used the number of times tabulated below during the month of February 1920:

JULIUS CAESAR by Chattertown	12 times
DIAMOND DICK, by its author	51 times
BOOKKEEPING KEY	1293 times
TWICE TOLD TALES, by Hawthorne	8 times
DORIS BLAKE'S SCRAP BOOK	865 times
DETECTIVE STORIES, by Sherlock Holmes	563 times
CHOICE LITERATURE, by Baldwin & Paul	6 times
GIRLS I HAVE KNOWN, by Smith, Bud and Ted	87 times
HOW TO BE SOBER WHEN SERIOUS, by Lamb & Stone	8 times
FACTS ABOUT FIGURES (illustrated), by Simer	136 times

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BECAUSE It now holds in assets for policy-holders, $961,022,120.05.

BECAUSE During 1919 the company paid to its policy-holders in dividends over $31,000,000.

BECAUSE It has paid to and now holds for its policy-holders over $206,750,063.60 more than the total amount received from them.

BECAUSE No company has been more strongly endorsed by all of the governments of the world than the New York Life Insurance Co.

BECAUSE The policy provides for total and permanent disability benefits and double indemnity benefit for general accident.

It is impossible to give in this space the benefits provided for in our Wonderful New Policy. The policy itself is the only contract between the insured and the company, and I will be glad, at your convenience, to thoroly explain the protection for your family, the protection for yourself and how the insurance may become a cash estate in old age. Full particulars without charge.

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PICK-UPS

Thelma—(criticizing Angie's recitation in English).
"Angie looked at Homer nearly all the time she was talking."

Teacher: "Is Mr. Wilson a Catholic or Presbyterian?"
Lynn: "No, he's a Democrat."

Miss L.—"John, who was Alexander, the Great?"
John—"A Macedonian Conqueror."
Miss L.—"But what did he do?"
John—"Oh, nothing except conquer the entire world."

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or
SMALL FARMS

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Written By

J. B. RINEHART

DeLand, Ill.

Diagnosing Himself

The officer of the day, during his tour of duty paused to question a sentry who was a new recruit.

"If you should see an armed party approaching, what would you do?" asked the officer.

"Turn out the guard," sir.

"Very well. Suppose you saw a battleship coming across the parade ground, what would you do?"

"Report to the hospital for examination, sir," was the prompt reply.

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WONDER---

WHY FRESHIES ARE SO GREEN?
WHERE HOLDO GOT HIS VOCABULARY?
WHY HOMER LOOKS SO WISE?
WHAT GENE SAYS WHEN HE BIDS IRENE GOODNIGHT?
WHEN EVA WILL RUN OUT OF SOMETHING TO SAY?
WHY BRENT DOESN'T GO WITH THE GIRLS?
HOW MUCH THE BANQUET WILL COST THE JUNIORS?
WHY THERE ARE SO MANY "CASES" IN THE SOPHOMORE CLASS?
WHERE TED H. LEFT HIS HEART?
HOW IT WOULD FEEL TO BE IN THE FACULTY?
IF BUD AND BERNICE EVER FIGHT?
WHAT ELVA THINKS OF SOPHOMORE BOYS?
WHETHER ESTHER LIKES GEOMETRY?
HOW MUCH ROSS LIKES MINNIE?

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On a mule we find two legs behind
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for.

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